

Y. P. S. C. E.

HYMNS OF

CHRISTIAN

ENDEAVOR



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"For Christ and the Church."



P. S. C. E.

HYMNS

OF

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.



EDITED BY

REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

PUBLISHED BY

The United Society of Christian Endeavor,

No. 50 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS book is simply the response to an earnest demand from widely different seetions. The Gospel Hymns, used by many, supply one demand; the old hymns and tunes, largely omitted from that splendid compilation, are desired by our young people; while martial hymns, answering to the earnest aspirations of the young christians, are growing in favor. The design of the present book is to include Praise, Work, Soldier, and Consecration Hymns. A large number of new hymns and tunes have been specially written for the Christian Endeavor movement. The absence of some familiar hymns and tunes from "Gospel Hymns," is accounted for, not by any lack of appreciation, but because of the greatly increased cost which the purchase of permission to use the copyrights would involve. The attempt has been made to print a book containing some 155 hymns, at so low a cost, that every boy and girl may own a copy.

For valuable assistance, grateful acknowledgment is rendered to Rev. Messrs. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., R. DE W. MALLARY, R. LOWRY, D. D., W. L. RUNSBERG, F. E. SNOW, J. S. NORRIS, N. J. SQUIRES, J. O. BARROWS; Messrs. C. H. CHANDLER, I. E. DIEKENGA, C. C. TREAT, H. H. PALMER, C. C. CONVERSE, F. W. MESSE, GEO. METCALF, W. H. PONTIUS, and all others whose names appear. All of these have given their assistance. Great care has been taken to correct the proofs, but, in a first edition, mistakes are liable to occur, especially as the work has been pushed to publish in time for the fall opening of the Societies.

It is hardly necessary to state that this book has no intention of taking the place of any of the regular church prayer-meeting hymn books, but is specially prepared for the young people's prayer-meeting, and all the conferences, and unions, which are connected with the movement.

S. W. ADRIANCE.

N. B.—The present book is the only one authorized and published by the UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Y. P. S. C. E. SONGS.

1.

CORONATION.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

Sheet music for 'Coronation' by O. Holden. The music is in common time (indicated by '4') and consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics begin with 'All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;'. The music features a steady eighth-note pattern in the treble staff and a sustained note pattern in the bass staff.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - ry kin-dred, ev - ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball;
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Continuation of the musical score for 'Coronation'. The lyrics continue with 'Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma-jes - ty as - ccribe, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,'. The music maintains the same structure with eighth-note patterns in the treble staff and sustained notes in the bass staff.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Coronation'. The lyrics continue with 'Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma-jes - ty as - ccribe, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev- er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.' The music continues with eighth-note patterns in the treble staff and sustained notes in the bass staff.

2.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

Rev. Chas. WESLEY.

(3)

3. KEEP YOUR COLORS FLYING.

OUR BANNER HYMN.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

TASSO CORBIN.

1. Keep your colors flying, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call re-ply - ing,
2. Life is all before you Where to choose your way, Keep Christ's colors o'er you;

Full of grace and trnht. Rise in strength and beau-ty, In life's morning glow,
Watch and fight and pray, With a firm en - deav-or, Ev'-ry foe de - fy,

CHORUS.

Answer to each du - ty, Onward, upward go.
True to Je-sus ev - er, Lift your colors high. Keep your colors flying,

Stand for God and truth, Keep your colors fly-ing, All ye Christian youth.

3 Keep your colors flying,

Never think of ease;

Sin and self-denying,

Jesus only please.

Not for worldly pleasure,

Not for worldly fame,

Not for heaps of treasure;

Live for Jesus' name!

4 Keep your colors flying,

Walk as Jesus did;

In Him, living, dying,

Let your life be hid;

Hoping, trusting ever,

Breathe this mortal breath;

You shall live forever,

Christ has conquered death.

4. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar-my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-treading Where the saints have trod. We are not di-vid-ed; All one
Je-sus Con-stant will remain. Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that
voi-ces In the triumph song, Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to



against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go.
bod-y we: One in hope, in doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
Christ the King: This, thro' countless a-ges, Men and an-gels sing.



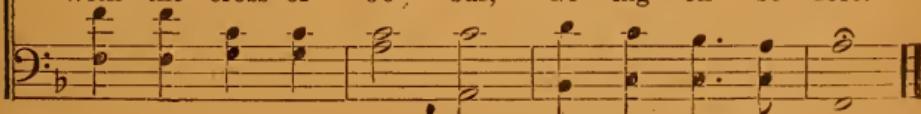
CHORUS.



On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.



5. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are pil-prims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. We are hap-py in the Lord, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on;
3. Sin and sor-row here be-low, Soon will end, soon will end;
4. Working all the way a-long, Rest will come, rest will come;

Sing-ing on our cheerful way, We are homeward bound.
Trust-ing in His ho-ly word, We are trav'ling on.
In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.
Light-en work with pray'r and song, Bless-ed rest will come.

CHORUS.

Onward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pilgrims; Forward, fear no ill,

You-der is our home; We journey, hand in hand, To Canaan's

happy land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

6. TAKE A STAND FOR JESUS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

C. H. CHANDLER.

I. Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know That you mean to
 2. Take a stand for Je - sus, Never blush for shame; Nev - er fail or
 3. Take a stand for Je - sus, His commands are sweet; Nev - er fear the
 4. Take a stand for Je - sus, Loy - al be and true; Show a good con-

serve Him Ev - 'ry-where you go. High or low your sta - tion,
 fal - ter, Show your-self the same. He will al - ways own you,
 bat - tle, Nev - er sound re - treat. Here the Cap - tain's call - ing,
 fes - sion, As He showed for you. Take a stand for Je - sus,

Rich or poor your lot, Take a stand for Je-sus, And forsake Him not.
 Always give you grace; Take a stand for Je-sus, Then, in ev - ery place.
 Where the standard flies; Take a stand for Je-sus, Fight to win the prize -
 Think of crown and palm, Think of heights of glory, And the victor's psalm.

REFRAIN.

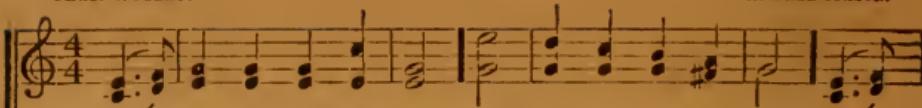
Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know
 That you mean to serve Him, Ev - 'ry-where you go.

7.

LABAN. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

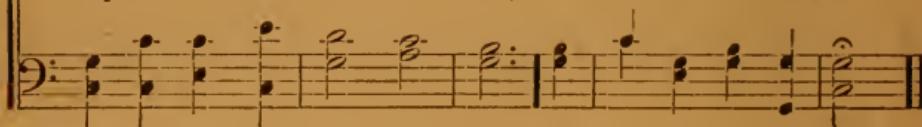
LOWELL MASON.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar-mor on, Strong
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His mighty power, Who
 3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endued, And
 4. That, hav-ing all things done, And all your conflicts past, Ye



in the strength which God sup-plies Through His e - ter - nal Son,
 in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer-or.
 take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;
 may o'ercome thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en-tire at last.



8.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

9.

1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil—
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

10.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

11.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. Alt.

12.

1 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory, [wreath,
And thou shalt wear this glorious
And thou shalt reign with Me!"

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in His might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in His right,
Which God will freely give.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

13.

HOLD UP THE BANNER.

Rev. S. W. ADRIANCE.

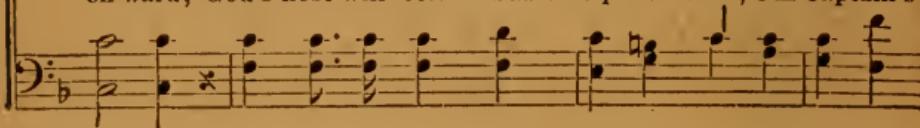
Rev. C. H. OLIPHANT.



1. Hold up the ban - ner of the Lord, And let it ne'er be
 2. Hold up the cross of Christ the Lord Be - fore the lost and
 3. Hold up the Word of Christ the Lord, The Word of con - so -
 4. Go on, true chil - dren of the Lord, From grace to grace go



tak - en; Sound forth the mes - sage of His word To all of
 dy - ing; Tell them to look, e'er point them t'ward Him, who Him-
 la - tion; Glad news of peace—once lost—re - stored; Of help in
 on-ward; God's host will con - stant help af - ford, Our Captain's



hope for - sak - en. Hold up the ban - ner where He leads, Nor
 self de - ny - ing, Gave His great life from love of us, And
 each temp - ta - tion. Hence let the light shine far a - way, That
 word is "for-ward." Nev - er to sloth or fear give way, In



once for -get the world's great needs; To grander faith a - wak - en.
 suf -fered on the cru - el cross, To cure all sin and sigh - ing.
 all who in deep er - ror stray, From sin may find sal - va - tion.
 work and pray'r, each gold - en day, Go on-ward, forward, heav'nward.



14. ARISE! YE CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

I. E. PIEKENGA.

Spirited.

I. E. DIEKENGA.

1. A - rise ye Chris-tian youth, a-rise! There is a noble work to do.
2. A - cross the land, from shore to shore, The standard of the gospel bear,
3. Oh, church of Christ, awake to pow'r! Touch all the world with holy fire!

Be-fore you white the harvest lies, And, oh, the labor- ers, how few!
While faithful hearts their love out-pour, In glorious song and earnest pray'r;
Press on! press on, for ev - er more! And every heart with zeal in-spire;

U - nit-ed ser-vice gladly bring, The world is wide, the field is broad;
Let out the light that shines within, Till souls that else might go astray,
In true en-deavor, work and grow, And on your glorious way proceed.

cres.

Go forth, and labor for your King, And consecrate yourselves to God.
Are led from darkness and from sin In -to the light of perfect day.
So shall the nations learn to know That Christ, the Lord is King in -deed.

15. THUNDERING LEGION. C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. R. DEW. MALLARY.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
 3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red banner streams a-far, Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 A-round the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light ar - rayed.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven, Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low,— He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in his train?
 O God, to us may grace be given, To fol-low in their train.

16.

SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rev. R. DeW. MALLARY.

1. Je-sus, Captain, sta-tion me, There, where Thou wouldst have me be;
2. Je-sus, Captain, sta-tion me, Where I may Thy glo-ry see;
3. Je-sus, Captain, sta-tion me, An-ywhere, if but with Thee;

On the left hand, or the right, As an out-post in the fight;
 When Thy standard forward goes, And a-round it fall Thy foes;
 And when done is life's last march, Seated 'neath the rainbow's arch,

Vic-to-ry, yes, and de-feat, If for Thee, both must be sweet.
 Ev-ery hard-ship would I dare, Fighting, wath-ing un-to prayer.
 Seat-ed with Thee on Thy throne, Take the glo-ry as Thine own.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Cap-tain, station me, There, where Thou wouldst have me be.

GEORGE KEITH.

JOHN READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
 3. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose

Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
 I will not, I will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om -
 hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er no

ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
 nip - o - tent hand. Up - held by My righteous, omnip-o-tent hand.
 nev - er for - sake." I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."

18.

RALLYING SONG.

1 Come rally, Endeavors, for God and the right,
 Come rally around us and join in the fight —
 The fight against sin, against evil and wrong;
 Oh, manfully battle; be brave and be strong!

3 Our Captain command us, 'tis Jesus leads on;
 He'll give us the vict'ry and grant us the

crown;
 He ne'er will desert us, and triumph is sure

For all who with courage and patience endure.

4 Then rally, Endeavors, for God and the right;
 Let us work with a will, let us work with our

might:

And never give o'er till we hear the glad word,

"Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Rev. F. E. SNOW.

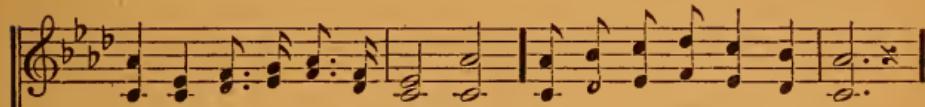
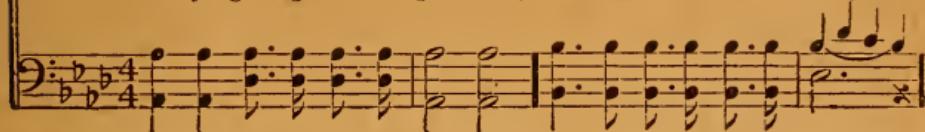
19. COMRADES, HEAR THE CAPTAIN CALLING!

L. E. D.

I. E. DIEKENGA.



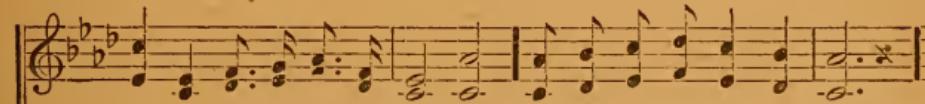
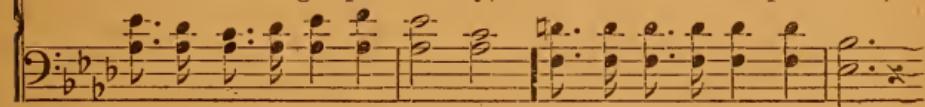
1. Comrades, hear the Captain calling! Up! Awake! the foe is nigh!
2. Raise on high the Christian banner, Bravely car-ry it a - long;
3. Bold-ly fight against temp-ta-tion, Strive each evil to sub-due;



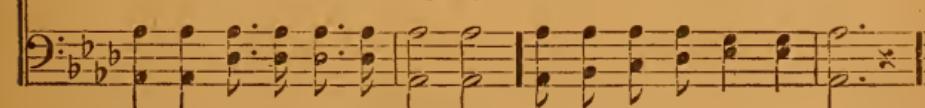
Forward! See our brethren falling! Let us help them ere they die.
With the Cross of Christ we conquer O - ver ev-ery ill and wrong.
Let the light of your sal-va - tion Shine in everything you do.



Strike! and show no fear nor fa - vor; Strike the hosts of sin and shame.
Come, oh come, the Master needs us On the world's great battle field;
Tell to men the gos-pel sto - ry, Show to them its o - pen door;



Onward! Soldiers of En-deav - or, Battling in the Saviour's name.
Follow—follow where He leads us, He will be our strength and shield.
Sound abroad the Saviour's glory Ev-er-more and ev - er-more.



20. KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE. Dedicated to the Society of Christian Endeavor. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing, This your cry should be, Many souls are
 2. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing; When the faithful fall, Give not up to
 3. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing; Christians should agree, With each oth-er
 4. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing, O - ver land and sea; By your self-de-

dy - ing, Je - sus must they see; Un - der con - dem-na - tion,
 sigh-ing, Christ is all in all; Ral - ly all your forc - es,
 vy - ing, Yet in har - mo - ny; Work-ing still for Je - sus,
 ny - ing Comes the vic - to - ry; Bright-en toil with sing - ing,

Life will soon be gone; On - ly is sal - va-tion In the Sin-less. One.
 See, the Captain's near; Trust to His resources, There is naught to fear.
 Righting human wrong, Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.
 Better days will come; To the Saviour clinging, You shall rest at home.

CHORUS.

Shout, shout the bat-tle cry; Girt with en-deav - or; Lift, lift the

ban-ner high, Now and for - ev - er; Shout, shout the bat-tle cry,

KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

ritard.

Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for - ev - er.

21.

ELMCROFT. C. M.

Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

Andante.

Rev. R. DEWITT MALLARY.

1. I plead Thy love, my gracious Lord, Thy wondrous love to me;
2. I plead the offering of Thy blood, Thy precious blood, for me;
3. I plead the merits of Thy life, Thy perfect life for me;
4. I plead, dear Saviour, Thine own Word, Thine own sure Word to me;

In sin's dark bondage I was held, But Thou hast made me free.
For cleansing I have naught to do But look to Cal - va - ry.
In what Thou wast I can be - hold What I my - self may be.
And need no more, for Thou hast said, "I'm all in all to thee."

22.

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. BENJAMIN BRIDGEMAN.

23.

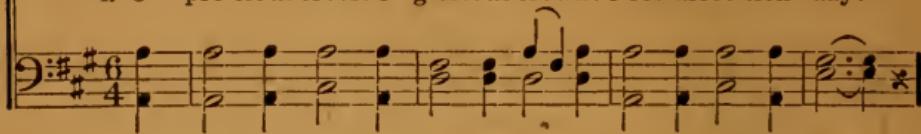
CROSS AND CROWN.

THEO'S SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - era-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the erys - tal pavement, down At Jesus pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre- cious cross! O glorious crown! O res- urec-tion day!



No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my erown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name repeat.
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.



24.

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
 O come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificieal flame;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let Thy Church on earth become
 Blessed as the Church above.

25.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

26.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!
 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my Shield and Portion be,
 As long as life endures.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

27.

1 Come, let us join in songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest;
 He entered heaven, with all our names
 Engraven on His breast.
 2 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
 The fervors of His love;
 For us He died in kindness here,
 Nor is less kind above.
 3 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
 Nor blush to wear His name;
 Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
 Our mouths His praise proclaim.

28. FOLLOWING JESUS ALWAY.

H. H. PALMER.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

mf Con espressivo.

1. Had I been with Jesus when He walked among men, Had I seen the
 2. Be - side Jordan's banks or in Beth - a-ny's home, Where'er in the
 3. And e'en to the cross, to the cross to have gone, When the work had been
 4. But still Je - sus liv-eth and reigneth a - bove, I can yield Him my

wondrous deed He performed then, Had I known the Son as my
 des-ert or vale He might roam, In sol - i - tudes vast, or a -
 fin-ish'd, the vic - to - ry won, Tho' desert-ed by all, to have
 life and can give Him my love; I'll fol - low Him alway, though

friend and my guide, No pow'r could have drawn me a - way from His side.
 mid the great throng, What joy to His glo - ri - fied band to be - long.
 been at His side, And with Him on Cal - va - ry's tree to have died.
 heart-siek and sore, Till some day I meet Him to part nev - er - more.

REFRAIN. DUO.

O, what price-less treas - ure, To have Je - sus near! O

gift be - yond meas - ure, His pres - enee so dear.

29. WHO'LL TAKE THE RANKS?

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

GEORGE E. METCALF.

1. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus! He calls for vol - un-teers; He
 2. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, To share in His re-noun; To
 3. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, All e - vil to ab - hor; To
 4. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, Whatea - ger, knightly soul, To

first will win a wel - come, Who first the mes - sage hears. Who'll join the countless num - ber That win the palm and crown; Who'll stand for Him the vig - ils, And meet the brunt of war; The shine as stars are shin - ing A - round the dis - tant pole? Who'll

an - swer the great Captain That holds us all in view, I ral - ly to Thy take the soldier's hazard, Who'll take the soldier's cheer; Who'll take the ranks for cross, the cross his watchword, His eye up - on the crown, To fight as fought the take the ranks for Je - sus, To see the bat - tle thro', To wear celes - tial

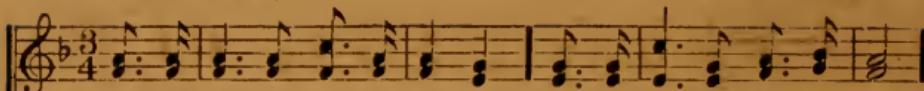
CHORUS.

standard, What wilt Thou have me do? Who'll take the ranks for Je-sus, He Je - sus, And answer, "Lord, I'm here." Cap - tain, Nor lay his ar - mor down? hon - ors, When comes the last Review?

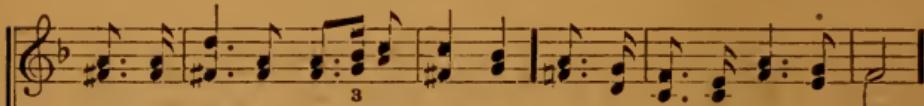
calls for volun-teers, He first will win a welcome Who first the message hears.

Rev. A. PARKE BURGESS, D.D.

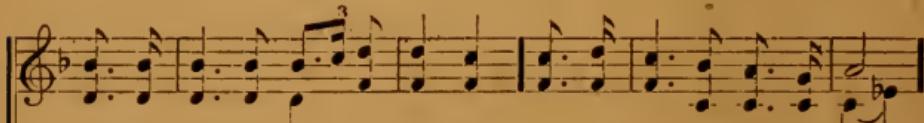
Rev. W. L. REMMERS.



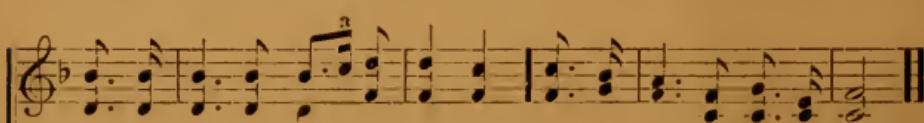
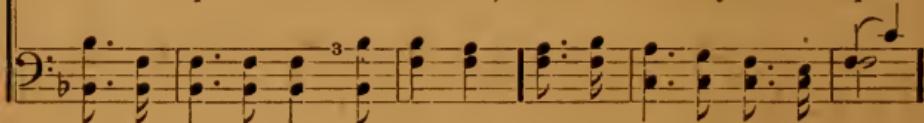
1. What a work to do for Je-sus! Work for you and work for me,
2. What a work to do for Je-sus, And the per-ish-ing a-round,
3. What a work to do for Je-sus, Work for heart and hand and brain!
4. Oh, the sa-cred in-spi-ra-tion, Blest each heart by grace made free,



Work for all who trust His mer-it, All who would His glory see;
 Souls that by His blood are ransomed, Telling them the joyful sound!
 Sow-ing aye, be-side all wa-ters, Precious seeds of golden grain;
 From the Cross and from the Gar-den, "This I free-ly do for Thee!"



Though we fill a low-ly sta-tion, And our tal-ent be but small,
 Oh, the lost and dy-ing mill-ions, Wander-ing from God a-stray!
 Go-ing forth in life's glad morning, Hap-py with the Master's love,
 Can our lips be dumb in si-lence, All unmoved by Love's bequest?



Though we are but young dis-ci-ples, We must heed the Saviour's call.
 You and I may help to lead them In the straight and narrow way.
 And at eve re-turn-ing, la-den For the Welcome Home above.
 Can we close our eyes in slum-ber? Can we fold our hands to rest?



These words may also be sung to the tune "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

31.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Rev. DWIGHT M. PRATT.

CHARLES C. TREAT. By per.

f

1. See from Beth - a - ny ad - vanc - ing Joy - ful throngs by
2. Now the sa - cred gates are lift - ed, Zi - on's King is
3. King of peace, Je - ho - vah's chos - en! King with high-est
4. Sad, ah, sad the change-ful mor - row, Bit - ter scorn for

Je - sus led; Loud ho - san - nas rend the heav - ens,
pass - ing through. All the glo - ry of the cit - y
glo - ry crowned! Hon - ored by the hosts of heav - en,
ar - dent praise; They who'd build a throne of glo - ry,

Gar - ments rich His path - way spread. Shout, ye saints! your
And the tem - ple rise to view; Zi - on, shout, your
By the earth - ly Zi - on owned. Take Thy scap - tre,
Now a cru - el cross up - raise. Yet, O Zi - on,

tri - umph sing! Bless - ed is the com - ing King!
Sav - iour own, Da - vid's Son, on Da - vid's throne.
rule the throng Prais - ing Thee with hal - lowed song!
tri - umph sing! Christ be - trayed is Sav - iour, King.

REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



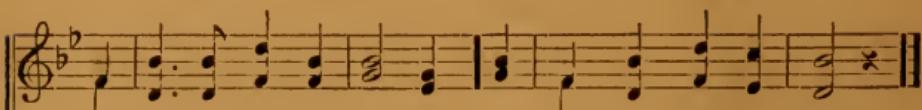
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



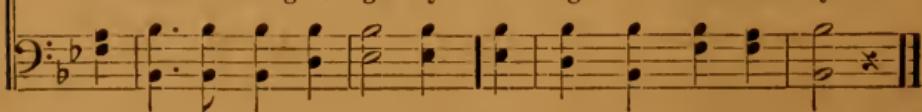
Lift high His roy-al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,
 Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And watching un - to prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter-nal - ly.



33. CHRISTIAN ATTAINMENT.

1 O youth with hearts aspiring,
What visions greet your eye!
What fields for noble conquest!
What growth and victory!
How high your heavenly calling—
The Christlike life to win,
The prize of holy manhood,
The overthrow of sin!

2 No end of high attainment
Defines the Christian's goal;
In Christ eternal progress
Inspires the eager soul;

New strength and wisdom ever,
New faith and sight and love,
And glory crowning glory
Till throned a king above.

3 O youth with hearts aspiring,
Embrace your heavenly call;
Your standard is perfection,
Your Christ the Lord of all.
Win others to His standard,
Enlarge the youthful throng,
Till all the earth, in Jesus,
Can sing redemption's song.

Rev. DWIGHT M. PRATE

34.

FOR CHRIST.

1 For Christ is our Endeavor,
Our hearts to Him belong,
His presence cheers us ever,
His love inspires our song;
We come in youth's bright morning,
Obedient to His word,
And seek for our adorning,
The beauty of the Lord.

2 In fulness of His blessing
Good work for Him we do,
His name with joy confessing,
His standard-bearers true:

And He will never fail us,
Whatever may betide,
Though danger should assail us,
In Him we safe abide.

3 So with youth's ardor glowing,
We form a Christian band,
The mind of Jesus knowing,
We for His honor stand;
For He is our endeavor
And to Him we belong,
Whose grace shall fail us never,
Whose love inspires our song.

Rev. ROBERT F. GORDON.

35. HO! ARMY OF ENDEAVORS.

1 Ho! Army of Endeavors!
Your strength the times demand,
Redemption waits your conquests,
Obey your Lord's command,
Rejoice! for God is with you,
Strike hard the hosts of sin!
March forth with courage ever
For yours it is to win!

2 Ho! Army of Endeavors!
It is your Leader's call.
Go forth into the conflict,
Not one of you shall fall!

Keep all your colors flying,
Make every weapon bright,
Look ever unto Jesus
And gird you for the fight.

3 Lift high your royal banner!
The banner of the cross,
With shouts of glad hosannas:
It cannot suffer loss.
O happy, happy soldiers,
Triumphant in your King,
March on with shouts of gladness
And songs of victory sing!

Rev. JOEL S. IVES.

36. MISSIONARY HYMN.

TUNE — "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," or "Webb."

1 The voice of Christ, our Saviour,
Rings through the Christian world;
Let gospel truth be spoken,
My banner be unfurled
In every land and nation,
Where'er man's foot has trod;
Go publish my salvation,
Proclaim the Christ of God.

Unfold with holy courage
The grand and glorious truth
That speaks in benediction
To every Christian youth.

2 Baptised with heavenly wisdom,
And lips aglow with love,
Speak to the lost and fallen
The message from above;

3 The promise of the Master
Crowns with its glorious light
Each faithful Christian soldier
That strikes for God and right.
Go ye, and preach the gospel
In all its wondrous power;
Go, the Redeemer's presence
Shall crown thine every hour.

Rev. W. F. ARMS.

37. ENDEAVOR HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Rev. N. F. CARTER.

C. C. TREAT.



1. With a strong and glad en-deav-or Let us ral-ly round the cross,
 2. In the joy of love's communion, Finding mo - tive and re-wa rd;



Oue in heart and zeal for - ev - er Seek to save the world from loss.
 Strong in purpose, strong in un - ion, As an ar - my of the Lord,



In no scant and stint-ed meas-ure Be our wealth and ser-vice giv'n;
 Let us on to fight our bat-tles In the heav'ly Mas-ter's name,



Let no love of ease or pleas-ure Hedge to one the way to heav'n.
 Though the thunder rolls and rat - tles Tho' the sheeted lightnings flame.



F. W. M.

F. W. MESSE.

1. Is my Je-sus your Re-deemer, Has He cast out all your
2. Are you liv-ing now for Je-sus? Do you work with will-ing
3. Bring you'rev-er-y sin to Je-sus, Bring Him all your grief and
4. With His gen-tle hand He'll lead you, Should temptations strong as-

fears? Can you say, My God, I love Thee? Thou hast wip'd a-way my tears?
 hands, Do you watch and pray for wisdom, Day by day as God commands?
 care, He will car-ry all your burden, And will all your sor-row share.
 sail, He has promised grace to help you, Never can His promise fail.

CHORUS.

Je-sus now is kind-ly call-ing, Call-ing from His home a-

bove, Trust, O trust His boundless mercy, Trust His never dy-ing love.

39.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Tune—"Only an Armor Bearer." Key B-flat.

1 "Christian Endeavor!" Ring the call through the land;
 "Who will enlist under the Christ's command?
 Great is the Master's work, the workers few,
 Who will swell the numbers? Christian youth, you will?"

CHORUS:

"Christian Endeavor!" This our watchword shall be;
 Christian Endeavor! Till from service set free;
 Armed with the strength of youth and purpose true
 Always and everywhere Christ's work to do!

2 "Christian Endeavor!" Lo, the answering host
 Ready for duty, every one at his post;
 Surely the Captain must rejoice to see
 Such a mighty army, one in loyalty.

3 "Christian Endeavor!" This indeed shall be mine,
 All that would hinder I will gladly resign;
 When I recall what Jesus did for me,
 Steadfast in endeavor ever will I be.

4 "Christian Endeavor!" Oh, how glorious the sight!
 Thousands together banded firm for the right;
 Each one a worker, true to promise given,
 Winning souls for Christ while marching on to heaven.

Rev. HOWARD B. GROSSE.

40. NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Tune—"Nothing but the Blood of Jesus." Key G. G. H. 332.

1 What shall win my soul from sin?	3 What shall cheer my soul at last?
Nothing but the love of Jesus.	Nothing but the love of Jesus.
What shall keep me pure within?	What make heaven when death is past?
Nothing but the love of Jesus.	Nothing but the love of Jesus.
Oh, may that love divine	
Glow in this heart of mine;	
For nothing may I pine—	4 Saints in glory shout the song,
Nothing but the love of Jesus.	"Nothing but the love of Jesus";
2 What can make my burden light?	What shall add me to their throng?
Nothing but the love of Jesus.	Nothing but the love of Jesus.
What bring victory to my fight?	
Nothing but the love of Jesus.	

Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D.

41. OUR YOUTH WE GIVE TO THEE.

Tune—"Glory, Glory Hallelujah!"

1 We are young in strength and wisdom, but our hearts are warm and ~~from~~,
 And our youth's bright hope and courage, Christ, our Saviour, Thine shall be;
 Ours are crowns of buds and leaflets; take them, they are all for Thee;
 Our youth we give to Thee.

CHORUS: Holy, holy Friend and Teacher,
 Holy, holy Guide and Captain,
 Holy, holy God, our Saviour,
 Our youth we give to Thee.

2 We would learn to serve by serving, and by praying learn to pray,
 And what now is meek endeavor shall be deed and fruit some day.
 Life's a school with many teachers, Jesus shall be ours alway;
 Our youth we give to Thee.

3 Help us, that in heavenly stature and in wisdom we may grow,
 And may gain persuasive favor both with God and man below,
 And upon our Father's business might and mind and strength bestow.
 Our youth we give to Thee.

Rev. J. E. FULLERTON.

42. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Rev. A. C. DENISON.

1. Our eyes be-hold an ar-my of young soldiers of the Lord,
 2. We see their spreading watch - fires, glow throughout the land,
 3. From all the land en-list - ed, East, West, and South and North,

A quar-ter of a mill-ion strong His truth their gleaming sword,
 The flame up - on their al - tars with heaven-ly breez - es fann'd,
 Two hun-dred fif - ty thousand, and all of test - ed worth,

In His bright ar-mor pan - o-plied,o - be-dient to His word,As
 And with gos-pel ban-ner wav - ing, a con - se - cra - ted band,They
 Wher - e'er their Leader calls them, they bravely sal - ly forth,And

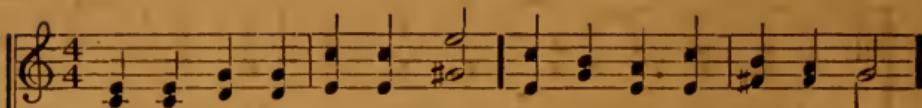
CHORUS.

they go marching on. Glo - ry glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glory, glo - ry
 still go marching on.
 still go marching on.

hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glory hal-le - lu - jah! They still go marching on!

A. D. F. LOCKWOOD.

Rev. R. DEWITT MALLARY.



1. Sav-iour, who Thy life didst give, That our life might ransomed be,
2. Help us that we fal-ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
3. Guide us, that with simple feet, We may speed us on our way.,
4. Sweet the ser-viee, blest the toil; Thine a - lone the glo - ry be;



Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.
 And the reap-ers, sore - ly press'd, Call for aid on ev-ery side.
 Lead-ing dark-ed na - tions forth In - to Thine e - ter- nal day.
 O bap-tize our souls a - new; Con-se-erate us all to Thee.



44.

CONSECRATION.

1 Son of God, who lovest me,
 Take me, make me all Thine own.
 Grand and pure let my life be,
 Fitted for Thy cause alone.

2 Send me where it pleases Thee,
 Help me tell the tidings glad.
 Let my feet swift servants be,
 Bearing joy to hearts made sad.

3 Sever any eord of love
 But what binds me close to Thee.
 From my life all self remove,
 Glorify Thyself with me.

FRANCES E. NEWTON. (Alt.)

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Rev. C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we
2. Lord, on Thee, our souls de - pend, In com - pas - sion
3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee;
4. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of



hum - bly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis -dain! Shall we
now de -scend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our
here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a
joy re - turn; Those that are cast down lift up; Make them



seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
lips to sing Thy praise. Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
blessing Thou be - stow. Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
strong in faith and hope. Make them strong in faith and hope.



46.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

(31)

47.

DO YOUR DUTY.

I. E. D.

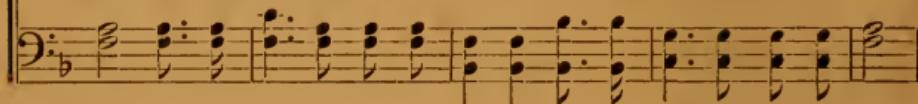
I. E. DIKKENGA.



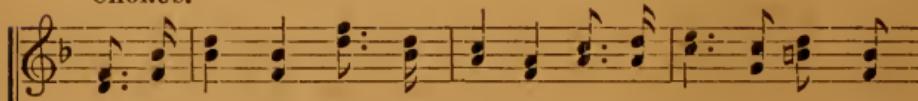
1. Trust in God and do your du - ty, Let re - sults be what they
2. Do your du - ty to your neigh-bor, Shunning ev - ery vice and
3. Do your du - ty, ne'er de - lay - ing, Tho' your dear-est be at



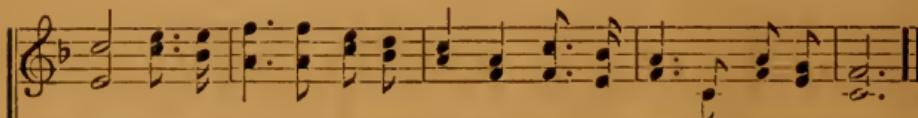
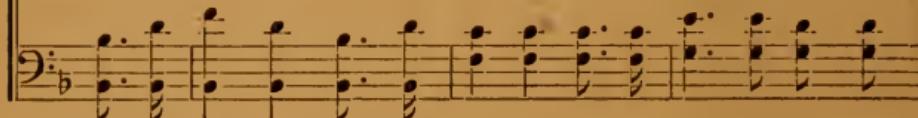
will: Life of truest strength and beauty Is to do one's du - ty still.
fraud; And, tho' man re - vile you for it, Do your du - ty to your God.
stake; Do it bold - ly, humbly praying "Help me, Lord, for Jesus' sake.



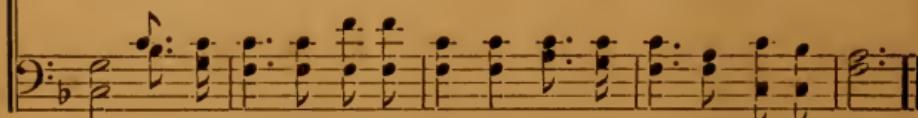
CHORUS.



Do your du - ty; do it brave - ly; Care not what the world may



say: If you see your du - ty clear - ly, Do it, shrink not from the fray.



MISS A. STEELE.

FRANK W. MESSE.



1. To our Redeemer's glorious name A-wake the sa - cred song; Oh,
2. His love, what mortal tho't can reach; What mor-tal tongue display; Im -
3. Dear Lord, while we, a - dor-ing, pay Our humble thanks to Thee, May
4. Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill ev-ery heart and tongue! Till



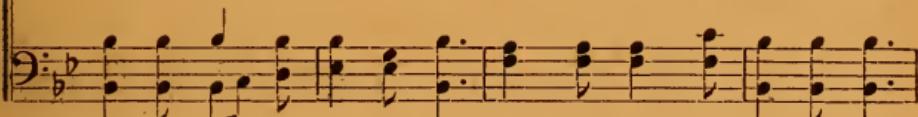
may His love—im-mor-tal flame!—Tune ev - ery heart and tongue.
ag - i - na-tion's ut-most stretch, In wonder dies a - way.
ev - ery heart with rap - ture say, "The Saviour died for me!"
stran-gers love Thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song.



CHORUS.



Oh, such love can we re-fuse, None but Je - sus will we choose,



O such love can we re-fuse, None but Je - sus will we choose.



Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Arr. by HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery moun-tain side, Let freedom ring.
 templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

50.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

TUNE—“America.”

1 God opens wide His hand,
In this our native land,
Year after year.—
From His abundant store
He giveth evermore,
“Press’d down and running o'er,”
Our hearts to cheer.—

3 That spring-time “shall not cease,”
And summer yield increase,
Whilst autumn brings
From fields the golden grain,
From orchards fruits again,
Our frail lives to sustain—
God's choicest things.—

2 What though the earth may quake,
And hills, and mountains shake,
He lives and reigns.—
The oceans ebb and flow,
The seasons come and go,
His word no change can know,
Its truth remains.—

4 To Him who governs all
And notes a “sparrow's fall,”
All Nations' King,
We will from shore to shore,
Our loving Lord adore,
Till “Time shall be no more,”
His praises sing.—

WM. JAMES.

51.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1 God bless the noble band,
Who work to save our land
From drink and shame.
And labor to bring in
Men from the paths of sin,
A new life to begin
In Jesus' name.

3 Thus homes are bright once more;
As in the days of yore,
True love reigns there.
Hush'd is the cruel word,
With joy each heart is stirr'd,
The voice of praise is heard
Filling the air.

2 The dark past left behind,
Renewed in heart, and mind,
By Christ forgiven.
Angels in realms of light,
In one glad song unite;
As in God's Book they write
Each name in Heaven.

4 God bless the noble band,
In this and every land,
Who work for Thee,
The drunkard to restore
That he may sin no more,
But Thy name, Lord, adore,
Eternally.

WM. JAMES.

52.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE—“Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

1 Onward, Temperance soldiers,
'Gainst the hosts of sin,
In the mighty conflict
Victory we shall win;
Drink, the great Goliath
Shall before us fall,
David's God is with us,
“He is Lord of all.”

He the powers of darkness
Mightily shall shake.

Cho.—Onward, Temperance soldiers,
Angels from afar
Look with loving int'rest
On the righteous war.

3 Onward, then, with patience,
Let no heart dismay,
After night and darkness
Comes the new-born day;
The sun continues shining,
Though clouds intervene,
God is wisely working,
To our sight unseen.

2 Onward go with courage,
Hear the children's cry,
Mothers of the nations
Plead with God on high;
Work and prayer shall conquer,
For His own word's sake;

4 Onward, then, go bravely;
We encompassed are
By angelic spirits,
In this righteous war;
Hereafter they will greet us,
On the stormless shore,
With glad songs of welcome
When Time's conflict's o'er.

WILLIAM JAMES.

Rev. W. F. ARMS.

C. H. CHANDLER.



1. Christ of Cal-vary slain for me, I sur-ren-der all to Thee; I will
 2. I am con - se - cra - ted now, To Thy will I humbly bow; At Thy
 3. Let me walk where He has trod, Loyal to the Son of God; Let me
 4. Fill my soul with power divine, Make me always, only Thine; Crown my



trust Thy sacred blood, Plunge beneath the crimson flood, Rise in
 sum - mons I will go, Tho' the flood should overflow; Sure am
 share His grief and pain, Stand be-neath the cross again, Bound by
 life with Christly grace, Let me see Thy smiling face; Then at



res - ur - rection power, Crown with service ev - ery hour.
 I of wel - come meet Follow-ing the Mas - ter's feet.
 chains of ho-ly love To His great white throne a - bove.
 last from earth I'll rise To a mansion in the skies.



54.

ROCK OF AGES.

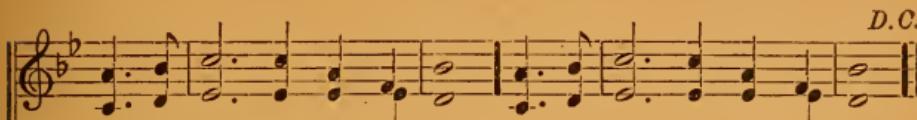
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou-b-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands;
D.C. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,



3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

55.

1 Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;

They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

REV. JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

56. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Rev. RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,

Sav-iour Divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guiltaway;
 My zeal inspire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee

Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!
 Pure, warm, and change-less be — A liv - ing fire!

57.

1 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal!

2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer:
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passion tossed,
 Redeemed, at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O Christ, to Thee I live, To Thee I whol^{ly} give
 2. This con - se - cra - tion hour, By Thy rich grace and power,
 3. Should mighty foes as - sail, I can o'er them pre - vail,
 4. And when Thou, Lord, dost come, To take me to Thy home,

My - self a - way; The gift, how poor and small! Yet, Lord, I
 My joy shall be; How sweet it is to know, Tho' rough my
 And nev - er *fall; For Thou al-might - y art To shield my
 My spir - it free; "O death, where is thy sting!" I shall in

bring Thee all; Be - fore Thy face I fall; Ac - cept, I pray!
 path be - low, In all the way I go, I walk with Thee.
 o - pen heart From ev - ery fi - ery dart; On Thee I call.
 tri - umph sing, As borne on an - gel's wing, I rise to Thee!

58 a.

CHRIST OUR GUIDE.

1 Blest Saviour, near to Thee,
 Who art so dear to me,
 Gladly I tread;
 I love to walk beside
 So kind and true a Guide,
 For ne'er can ill betide
 Those by Thee led.

2 Lead me where Thou wilt lead,
 Thy hungering flock to feed
 Gladly I'll haste;
 I would not idle be

While still, afar from Thee,
 I can one wanderer see
 On earth's drear waste.

3 Send me where Thou wilt send,
 To foe or loving friend
 Gladly I'll go;
 No harm have I to fear
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Thy smile my way shall cheer
 Life's journey through.

Music and Words by Rev. F. E. Snow.



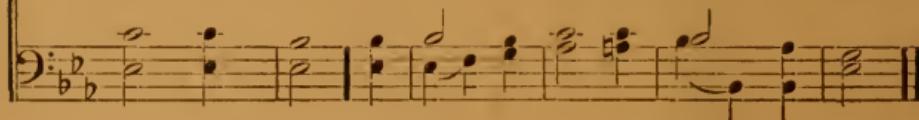
1. The con - se - era - tion hour is nigh, And as these
2. De - pend - ent on Thy love di - vine, What have we,



mo - ments quick - ly fly, We lin - ger here to
Lord, that is not Thine? For Thou didst first each



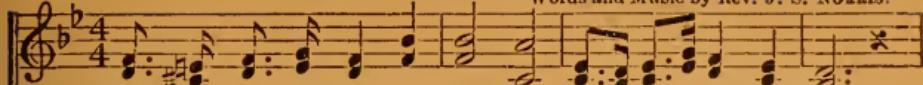
meet our Lord, And lis - ten for His gra - cious word.
gift be - stow And all things to Thy grace we owe.



3 Naught that we have our own we call;
To Thee we would devote our all;
And, if a sacrifice it be,
We make it willingly for Thee.

4 Made strong by Thine indwelling grace
We will with courage run our race,
Looking to Thee, Author of Faith:
Oh! make us faithful unto death.

Words and Music by Rev. J. S. NORRIS.



1. Emp - ty me of self, dear Saviour, My poor heart re-new;
2. While I cry to Thee, dear Saviour, Cleanse me from all sin;
3. Give me Thy own mind, dear Saviour, Teach me Thy sweet will;
4. Help me, day by day, dear Saviour, Give me strength divine;



This great work, so wondrous ho - ly,
Wash me in the crim-son fountain,
Fill me with Thy Ho-ly Spir-it,
Grant me wis-dom for Thy ser-vice,

Thou a - lone canst do.
Make me pure with-in.
Thy blest word ful-fil.
All Thou hast is mine.



CHORUS.

Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour, Help me know Thy love;



Emp - ty me of self, dear, loving Saviour, Help me know Thy love;



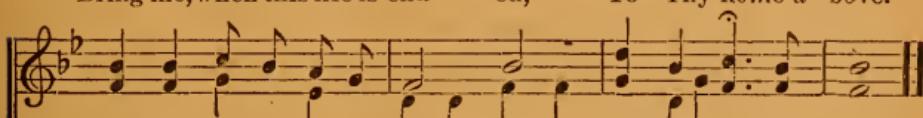
Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.



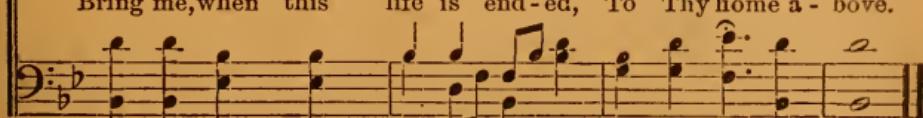
Bring me, when this life is end-ed, To Thy home a - bove.



Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.



Bring me, when this life is end-ed, To Thy home a - bove.



61. COME, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

CHARLES C. TREAT.

Spirited. mf



1. Come, Christian children, come and raise Your voice with one accord : Come
2. Sing of the wond'rs of His truth, And read in ev-ery page, The
3. Sing of the wonders of His græce, Who made and keeps you His, And



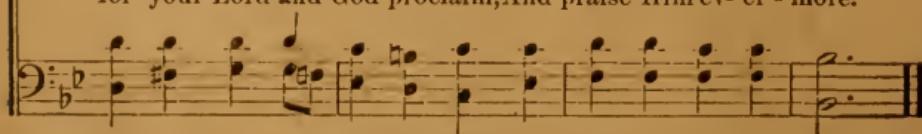
sing in joy - ful songs of praise, The glo-ries of your Lord. Sing
prom-ise made to ear-liest youth Ful-filled to lat-est age. Sing
guides you to th' appointed place At His right hand in bliss. Sing



of the won-ders of His love, And loud-est prais-es give To
of the won-ders of His power, Who with His own right arm, Up-
of the won-ders of His name, And Je - sus Christ a - dore; Him



Him who left His throne a - bove And died that you might live.
holds and keeps you hour by hour, And shields from ev-ery harm.
for your Lord and God proclai'm, And praise Him ev- er - more.



62. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4.

Key E-flat.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. We will early turn to Thee.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY THRUSS.

63. THE SHINING SHORE.

Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—CHO.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;

 home,
 Forever, O forever.—CHO.

Rev. DAVID NELSON.

64. THE SWEET STORY.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him in glory above:—.

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare.
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Mrs. J. LUKE.
(42)

65.

WILTON

N. J. SQUIRES.

AMBIA SMITH HOTCHKISS.

1. Dear Lord, as-cend-ed Sav - iour, Here once a-gain We
 2. Christ Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Be - hold us now; O
 3. We turn from all our wan - d'rings, To seek Thy face; Hea
 4. O may this con-se - cra - tion, In Thine complete, Be

 make our con - se - cra - tion, In Thy dear name.
 breathe on us Thy Spir - it,— Low - ly we bow.
 Thou our hearts, and strength-en,
 ev - er more en - dur - ing, By Thy sweet grace.
 Till Thee we meet.

66.

RECONSECRATION.

TUNE.—“My Hope is built on nothing less.”

1 O God, my Father in the sky!
 Thou who dost hear me when I cry!
 Oh, make “these hands, these lips,
 these eyes,
 This heart,” a living sacrifice!
 As once again, on bended knee,
 I consecrate myself to Thee.

2 Oh, help me self to put aside,
 And to Thy guidance al. confide!
 Send Thou to me whate'er is best

Of joy or sorrow, work or rest;
 And make my love to Thee sincere—
 That perfect love that casts out fear.

 3 Teach me in all things how to live;
 For only Thou true life canst give.
 My heart doth yearn to serve Thee
 more,
 For Thou dost brim my gift-cup o'er;
 And holdest fast my hand in Thine,
 O Christ! I'm glad that Thou art mine!

M. ALICE METCALF.

67.

THE SOLID ROCK.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus’ name.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail His
 face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,

My anchor holds within the vail:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood:
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE.

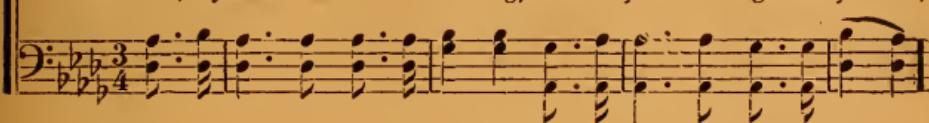
C. B. J. ROOT.

Psalms 9: 9.

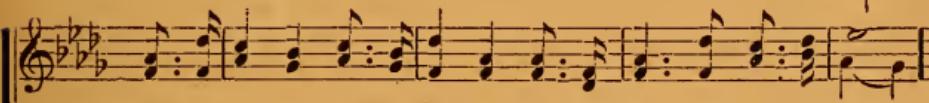
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. Lord, I come to thee for refuge, From the world's al-lur-ing charms;
 2. When my soul could find no comfort, When earth's joys were turn'd to dross,
 3. Lord, my heart is now a - bid-ing, Sweet - ly rest - ing in thy love;



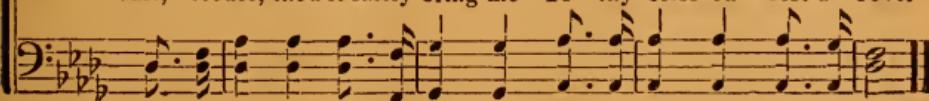
Safe with - in the loving shel-ter, Of the ev - er - last-ing arms.
 Then I found a cleansing fountain, Opened at my Saviour's cross.
 Grace for ev - ry dark temptation, I'm re-ceiv - ing from a - bove.



Bless - ed comfort, sweet confiding, In the shel - ter of thy love;
 There my sins as red as crimson, Whiter than the snow be - came,
 Can I doubt thee, Lord, no never Let me from my hope be moved;



Heavenly peace, I'm now possessing, Through the cleansing of thy blood.
 And my soul is now re-deem-ed, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name.
 Safe, secure, thou'l't safely bring me To thy bless-ed rest a - bove.



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DUET.

Moderato.

F. W. Masse.

1. There is no name on earth so sweet, No name so sweet in heaven; Je -
 2. Thy charming name we love to hear, We love to hear the story; No

sus the name we love to greet, To Christ the Saviour giv-en.
 oth-er theme to us so dear, As Je - sus and His glo-ry.

CHORUS.

We'll gather round our Saviour King, Whose precious name can save us, With

songs of love and joy we'll sing, And hail HIm, bless-ed Je-sus.

MRS. MARY F. MAUDE.

REV. W. L. REMSBERG.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us
 2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us
 3. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest, They who
 4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our

from Thy throne a - bove; Thine for - ev - er may we
 thro' our earth - ly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the
 find in Thee their rest; Sav - iour, Guard-i-an, heav-enly
 wants by Thee sup - plied, All our sins by Thee for -

be, . . . Here and to e - ter - ni - ty.
 Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
 Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
 giv'n, Lead us Lord, from earth to heav'n.

70 a.

1 Joyful be the hours to-day;
 Joyful let the seasons be;
 Let us sing, for well we may:
 Jesus! we will sing of Thee.

3 Joyful are we now to own,
 Rapture thrills us as we trace
 All the deeds Thy love hath done,
 All the riches of Thy grace.

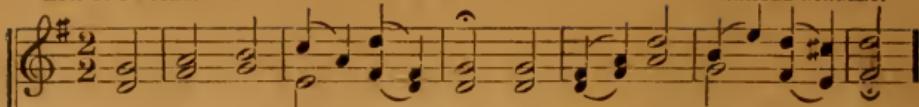
2 Should Thy people silent be,
 Then the very stones would sing:
 What a debt we owe to Thee,
 Thee, our Saviour, Thee our King!

4 'Tis Thy grace alone can save;
 Every blessing comes from Thee—
 All we have, and hope to have,
 All we are and hope to be.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

Rev. T. DWIGHT, D. D.

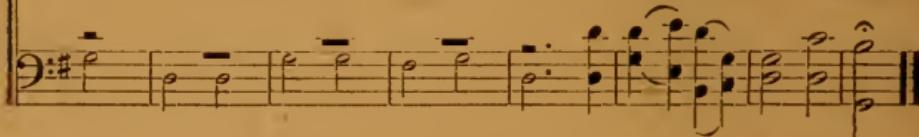
SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church,O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways;
4. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield And brighter bliss of heaven.



72.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

1 Hear ye the Lord's command!
 " Young men, to you I call,
 For ye are strong. Possess the land!
 Redeem the world from sin!"

2 Lord, we obey Thy call,
 Our youth, our strength, our hope,
 Our talents, aspirations — all
 Are Thine, and Thine alone.

3 Accept our sacrifice;
 Our weak endeavors bless.
 Make Thou our growing thousands strong
 In Thine almighty ness!

4 Give us more faith, O Lord!
 Open our eyes to see
 The recompense of the reward:
 Thine shall the glory be.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears,our hopes,our aims are one,— Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

74.

FULFILMENT.

1 How glorious is the day
 Now dawning on our sight!
 Our fathers saw but feebler ray
 Of early morning light.

2 We see a mighty throng,
 The gathering hosts of youth,
 With banner high, with joyous song,
 For Christ and for the truth.

3 Then let us with them be,
 Our lives to Jesus give;
 His word of might will make us free
 His Spirit in us live.

4 Thus one united band,
 Each victor in the strife,
 We go to take from Jesus' hand
 A crown of endless life.

Rev. JOHN O. BARROWS.

I. E. D.

I. E. DIKENGKA.

1. Lift your eyes! the light is break-ing o'er you; See, the mists are
 2. Trust in God and noth-ing shall confound you, Foes may charge, but
 3. Give your heart to Him who died to save you, Humbly lay your

Cho. Forward, now! advance, and do not wa-ter! Per-se-vere and

ris-ing from the world, All the way is bright and clear before you,
 can-not make a-fraid; For His love will ev-er-more surround you,
 trophies at His feet, Praise His name whose love and mercy gave you

gain your high reward; Faith-ful-ly press on in true en-deav-or,
 rit..... FINE.

Where the Sav-iour's ban-ner is un-furled.
 And your soul shall nev-er be dis-mayed.
 Life and par-don, pre-cious and com-plete.

Hear the bells the
 In the shel-ter
 Oh, be not a-

They shall win who bat-tle for the Lord.

hap-py sto-ry tell-ing, My-riad voic-es join in sweet acclaim,
 of the Rock of A-ges We may hide and lean up-on His arm;
 shamed to work for Je-sus, For His blood was freely shed for all,

cres..... D.C.

Far and wide the mighty chorus swelling, Hallelujah! Glory to His name!
 What tho' fierce and wild the tempest rages, He will keep us safe from every harm.
 And His loving kindness never leaves us, Let us then be ready at His call.

76. FAR UP THE HEIGHTS OF GLORY.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rev. R. DEW. MALLARTY.



1. Far up the heights of glo - ry, The youth who've fought the fight,
2. Sharp was their earthly bat - tle, Their ar-mor soon laid down;
3. Not they like corn un - ri-pened, For Je-sus gar-nered them;
4. They fell like dauntless he - roes, Our earth-born chil-dren fair;



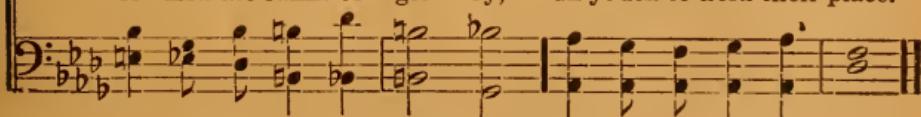
I see all gird with lau - rels; I see all bathed in light;
 Their life no' brok - en col - umn, They sooner wore the crown.
 The first fruits of the har - vest, His hosts to di - a - dem.
 In ver - y front of bat - tle, They took the mar-tyr's share.



Withstood they here for Je sus, Brief time, life's hopes and fears;
 No age can dim the lus tre That kindled in their eye,
 I see the fair bat - tal ions, No win-ter does them ruth;
 The Captain saw and called them, The fields of light to grace;



They burn with youthful ar - dor, Thro' the e - ter - nal years.
 They wear un - fad-ing rai - ment, The ves-ture of the sky.
 They drink the liv-ing wa - ters, Glow with e - ter - nal youth.
 A - mid the ranks of glo - ry, In youth to hold their place.



77.

O HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done ! I am my Lord's, and He is mine :
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest ;
Nor ev-er from thy Lord depart ; With Him, of ev'-ry good possess'd.
5. { High Heav'n that heard the solomn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in Hfe's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

FINE.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way !

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic-ing ev - 'ry day.

78.

1 Now I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs, to serve the
Lord,
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh, be this service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never tire or faint,
Nor wandering leave His sacred
ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy
praise.

79. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

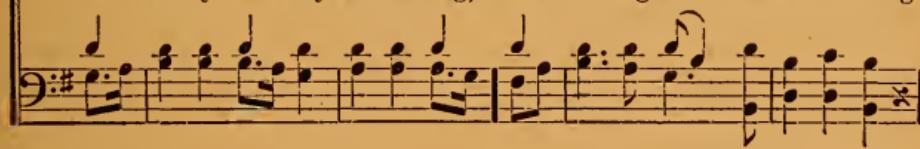
CHRISTIAN LYRE.



1. A-wake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru -ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me not-with-standing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru-el foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose,



He justly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free,
And sav'd me from my lost estate, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so great.
He safely leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so strong.



Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free.



80.

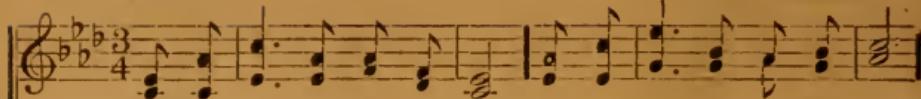
- 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

(53)

Rev. T. S. PERRY.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG.



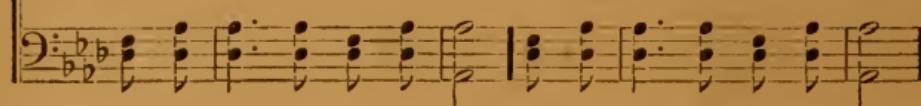
1. Saviour, I have need of Thee; Faith is faint, and hope is weak;
 2. Let me know that love of Thine, Which all knowledge passeth still;



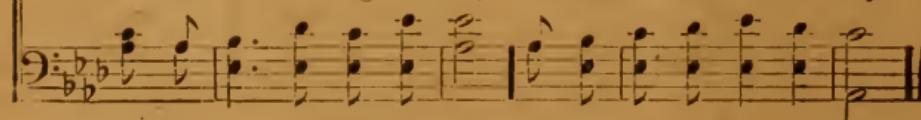
Far and far-ther seems to be That fair home of Thine I seek;
 Let me feel Thy peace di-vine All my spir-it sweet-ly fill;



Home and rest, and peace di-vine From my seek-ing seem to flee;
 Life of my life wilt Thou be; Then be - tide what-ev - er may,



Yet, dear Sav-iour, I am Thine; Come, for I have need of Thee.
 It shall be e-nough for me, I shall walk with Thee to-day.



82. COME TO THE MASTER.

HARRY H. PALMER.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

p Moderato.

1. Come to the Master, wan-d'rer, Come to your long sought home,
 2. Come to the Master, sin - ner, Cast off your wea-ry load;
 3. Come to the Master, come ye, Heed now the earn-est call;
 4. Soon will the strife be o - ver, What,then,will be your fate?

Je - sus is call-ing, call - ing Come,nev-er more to roam.
 An-gels are beck'ning,beck'ning All down the nar-row road.
 Je - sus is wait-ing, wait - ing, Haste,at His feet to fall.
 Je - sus is pleading,pleading, Come,e'er it be too late.

83.

Tune—"Hendon."

1 Saviour, teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace:
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

84.

EVEN ME.

Key of G.

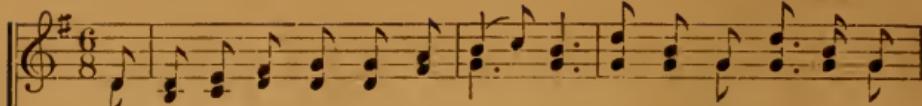
1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free— Showers the thirsty land refreshing;	3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit! Thou can't make the blind to see; Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Let some droppings fall on me— <i>Even me, even me,</i> <i>Let Thy blessing fall on me.</i>	Speak the word of power to me. 4 Love of God, so 'pure and change- less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
2 Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather	Grace of God, so strong and bound- less, Magnify them all in me.
Let Thy mercy fall on me.	

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

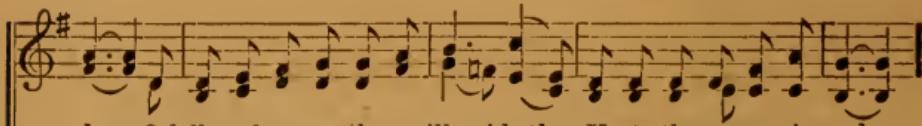
85. WALK IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

L. A. CLOUGH.

F. W. MESSER.



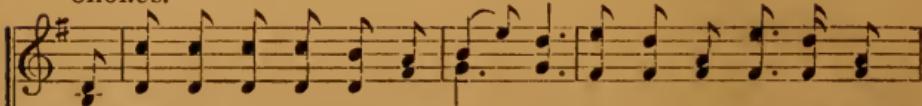
1. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Child of His won-der-ful
2. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Wea-ry one, burdened with
3. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Mourning one, o - ver the



love, O follow, for soon they will guide thee Up to those mansions above.
care, Now lift up thine eyes unto heaven, Lift up thy spirit in prayer.
dead, For gently His arms will enfold thee, Tenderly pil-low thy head.



CHORUS.



Yes, walk in the footsteps of Je - sus Keeping fast hold of His



hand, For thus will He guide thee and lead thee On to the heavenly land.



86. THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

Words and Music by Rev. F. E. Snow.

Joyously.

1. The Captain of our sal - va-tion Is Je-sus, Redeemer and King;
2. We fear not the tempter before us, Tho' knowing His pow-er and might;
3. We know that our strength is but weakness, We trust in our Captain alone;
4. But strong in the Lord we'll endure, And press toward the heavenly prize;

And singing in glad ex - ul - ta-tion, Our tribute of praises we bring,
Christ's banner of love waving o'er us Will nev - er go down in the fight.
We fol-low His footsteps in meekness, Not daring to or - der our own.
For He will our triumph secure, And lead to our home in the skies.

CHORUS

Then sing to His name; The triumph proclaim Of Jesus, Redeemer and King.

The captain of our sal - va-tion, Whose praises we joyful - ly sing.

Wm. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day:
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
4. Then in a no-blter, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save,



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,



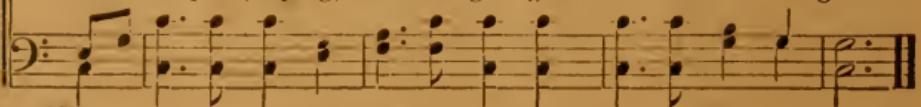
REFRAIN.



Lose all their guil-ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



S. STENNELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up -
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A -
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He
 4. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such

on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
 mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than all the fair
 flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shameful cross,
 proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thousand hearts to give,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 That fill the heavenly train, That fill the heavenly train.
 And car-ried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

89.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name, 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 'Tis music to mine ear: In Thee doth richly meet;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 That earth and heaven should hear. Nor friendship half so sweet.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 My Transport and my Trust; And sheds its fragrance there;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, The noblest balm of all its wounds.
 And gold is sordid dust. The cordial of its care.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

(59)

Words by HARRY PALMER.

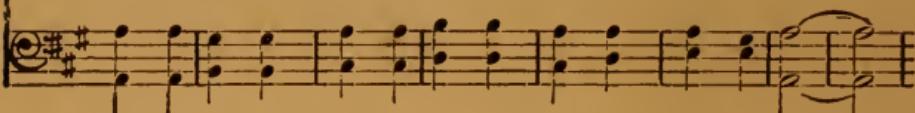
Music by CHAS. C. TREAT.

*Vigorous. March.**mf*

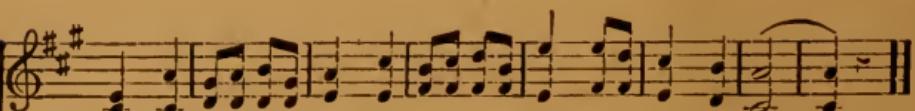
1. Come, all ye who love your Mas-ter, Haste to do His will;
2. Christ demands our best en - deavors, Now in days of youth;
3. Ral - ly! then, for Christ and victory, Strike a mighty blow,



Ral - ly round His roy - al standard, Je - sus reign-eth still.
We must watch and work in ear-nest, Bat - tling for the truth.
Have your weapons bright and shining, Read-y for the foe.



See, the hosts of sin are pressing Hard up - on our wea - ry band;
Let no selfish, wrong am - bitions Lure us from the Sav - iour's side;
O, to ban - ish sin and suffering, O, to drive out vice and crime;



Let us rise in might and con-quer, O - ver-come the land.
Ev - er ac - tive, ev - er watchful, Whate'er ill - be - tide.
May God speed the glo-rious tri-umph, In the com-ing time.



91. RALLYING SONG FOR Y. P. S. C. E.

Words and Music by Rev. F. E. SNOW.

Con spirito.



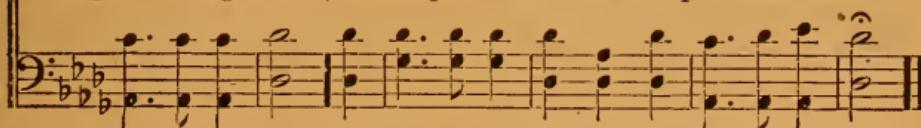
1. Come ral-ly, En-deav-ors, for God and the right,Come,rally a -
2. The foe is be - fore us, we know him of old; He counts up his
3. He glo-ries in e - vil, he scoffs at the truth, And gloats in the



round us, and join in the fight—The fight a-gainst sin, a-gainst
vic-t'ries in num-bers un - told: His wiles are so sub-tile, his
down-fall of ev - 'ry fair youth. Oh! join then the bat - tle a -



e - vil and wrong; Oh! manful-ly bat-tle; be brave and be strong.
plots are so deep, We need to be watchful, and nev - er may sleep.
against this greatfoe,And help to se - cure his complete o-ver-thow.



4 Our Captain commands us, 'tis Jesus leads on;
He'll give us the vict'ry and grant us the crown;
He ne'er will desert us, and triumph is sure
For all who with courage and patience endure.

5 Then rally, Endeavors, for God and the right;
Let us work with a will, let us work with our might;
And never give o'er till we hear the glad word,
“ Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord!”

92. OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

I. E. D.

I. E. DIEKNGA.

1. Let us be a-bout our Father's business, Ev-ery day, as we go
 2. Do you ask what is the work He sends us? 'Tis whate'er we can do,
 3. When in heav-en and the toil is end - ed, Oh, what bliss it will be

On our way here be - low: Nev - er let it suf - fer thro' re -
 'Tis to bear and be true, And to use the tal - ents that He
 In that place then to see Those dear souls whom we on earth be -

CHORUS.

miss-ness, But seek to make it thrive and grow. Then respond to the call,
 lends us That oth-ers may accept Him too.
 friend-ed, And led to Him who made them free.

He has use for us all, And His work is a la-bor of love; And the

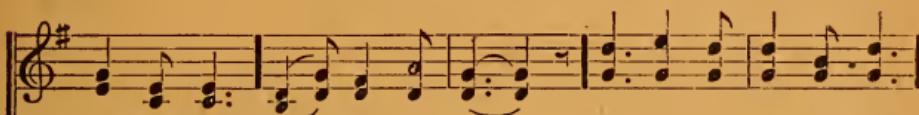
day soon will come In the great Harvest Home, For our rest and rejoicing a - bove.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee: E'en though it
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and



be a cross That rais - eth me: Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send'st to me, In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,



Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.



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1 Master, we hear Thy call,
 Gladly we meet;
 Bending in earnest prayer
 Low at Thy feet;
 Melted by Thy great love,
 Lifting our souls above,
 Learning from Thee to prove
 Life's service sweet.

2 Gladly we own Thy claim—
 Thine, Thine alone.
 Thou in almighty love
 Stooped from Thy throne.

Thankful Thy name we bear;
 Help us for Thee to dare;
 Help us Thy cross to share—
 We are Thine own.

3 Lord, we would gladly give
 Youth's morning bright;
 Love's true endeavor spent
 Speeding the right;
 Offering our youth to-day,
 Take it, O! God, we pray,
 Guide us in Thine own way—
 In truth and light.

WILLIAM BRYANT.

95.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes I may, When I've no
 4. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then I

man a - shamed of Thee ? A - shamed of Thee, whom
 hopes of heaven de - pend? No, when I blush, be
 guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no
 boast a Sav - iour slain; And O, may this my

an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
 this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 glo - ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me.

96.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me
 most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His
 feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

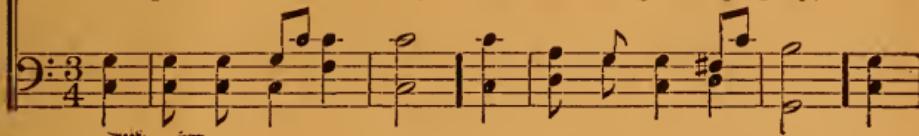
Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. How sweet the mu-tual love That fills our hearts to - day, With
2. We gath-er in one place, Our prayers to-geth-er rise; O
3. Thy prom-ise,gra-cious Lord, To e - ven two or three, Who
4. That promise now ful - fil, As we a - gree-ing pray, So



taste of joys like those a - bove, We speak, and sing and pray.
 may the fire of heavenly grace Con - sume the sac - ri - fice.
 meet to pray with one ac-cord, That Thou wilt with them be,—
 shall our souls more sweetly still In Thy blest pres-ence stay.



98.

1 How gentle God's commands!
 How kind His precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load,
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day:
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,
 And bear a song away.

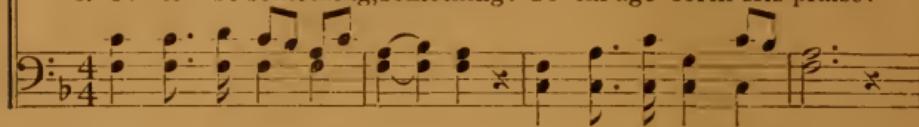
Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SOPHIA M. DOLBEARE.

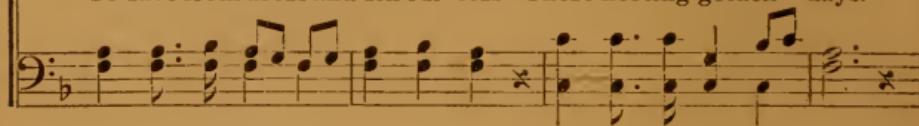
C. H. CHANDLER.



1. O! to be something, something! A ransom'd hu-man soul,
2. O! to be something, something! To eel - e - brate His fame;
3. O! to be something, something! To im-age forth His praise!



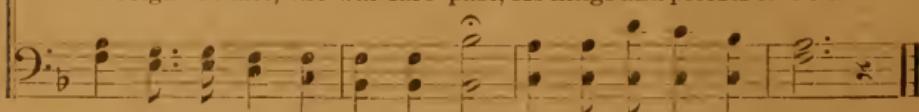
With steadfast faee to run the raee, And reaeh the Christian's goal.
 To tell to bands in heathen lands The glo - ries of His name.
 To save from dross and sin-ful loss These fleeting golden days.



All dead weight cast be - hind us, With grateful hearts to prove
 To show be-night-ed na - tions The truth that makes them free,
 To bear His ho - ly pleas - ure, The cross, the staff, the rod,



The length and breadth and height and depth Of His re-deem-ing love.
 To haste the time when ev -'ry elime To Him shall bow the knee.
 To reign at last, the war-fare past, As kings and priests to God.



100. FATHER OF LOVE, OUR GUIDE AND FRIEND.

WILLIAM F. IRONS.

CHARLES C. TREAT.



1. Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gen - tly on,
2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod;
3. Christ by no flow'ry pathway came, And we, His servants here,
4. And till in heav'n we sin - less bow, And fault-less anthems raise,



Un - til life's tri - al time shall end, And heav'ly peace be won.
But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa-ther and our God.
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name, In love, and hope, and fear.
O Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, now Ac-cept our fee - ble praise.



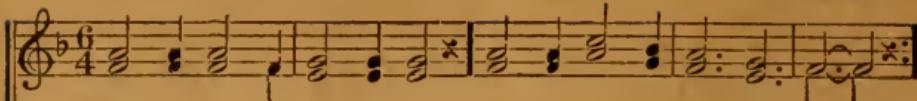
101. A CHILD'S PRAYER.

1 Dear Lord, who came from heaven	3 Thou hadst no home with men be-
to bring	fore;
Salvation down to me,	How hard it was for Thee!
I love to learn Thy praise to sing,	Dear Saviour, come to earth once more,
And say my prayer to Thee.	And make Thy home with me.
2 I wish to make Thy way my choice,	4 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And every sin confess;	If I am fearful then,
I long to hear Thy gentle voice,	Stoop down, and take my trembling
And feel Thy fond caress.	hand: For Jesus' sake. Amen.

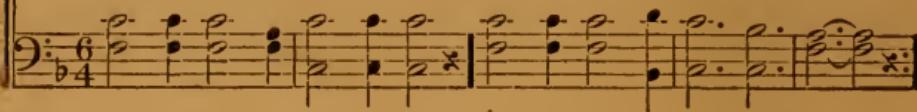
102. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

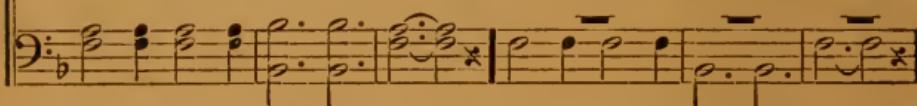
S. B. MARSH.



1. { Je - sus,lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none,Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave,oh,leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me. }



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.



103.

1 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

2 Plenteous gracie with Thee is found—
Gracie to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

104. THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

1 Sons of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name.
Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes;
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved.

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid Him welcome to His throne,
He is worthy, He alone.
Place the crown upon His brow,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heaven proclaims Him "King of kings."

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

105. THANKSGIVING.

1 Thanks we give Thee, blessed One, Bread, to strengthen labor's hand,
For Thy mercies ever new, Cheer, to glad the heavy heart,
Constant as the morning sun, Health and peace through all the land
Gentle as the evening dew. Thou hast given — good Thou art.
Thou hast led us in the way,
Thou hast watched above our rest; 3 Thankfully we seek Thy face,
Like a father, day by day, In Thy courts we offer praise;
Thou hast given what was best. Grant us Thy forgiving grace,
Hear the grateful songs we raise.
2 Oh, how kind Thy ceaseless tho't! Fill our hearts with love to Thee,
Dearer than all words can tell; Guide us still till life is o'er;
And the works Thy hand hath Then our highest joy shall be
wrought— Still to bless Thee evermore.
Truly Thou hast loved us well.

Rev. T. S. PERRY.

106. JESUS, MY KING.

1 King of kings,— and yet to mine Own heart saying, "I am thine!"
King of kings, and Lord of lords, Yet Thy sweet and tender words,
"I have called thee by thy name," Echo through all years the same,
Never losing power divine,
"Fear not, Soul, for thou art mine."

Thou dost lift upon the Rock
Whence the tempest's rudest shock
Ne'er shall sever us from Thee,
Christ, Immanuel, One in Three.

2 King of kings,— when wild and strong
Dash the waves of life along;
Reaching out Thy hand to bless,
Saving by Thy righteousness,

3 King of kings,— most regal guide,
Thy pure words in us abide;
"Follow me," Thou sayest, "and win
Vict'ry over every sin;
Turn not back from conflict drear,
Watching, praying, persevere;
Then when 'Peace' the angels sing,
Triumph in your Saviour King."

MARION J. PHIPPS.

107.

Key F. Tune—G. H. No. 29.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

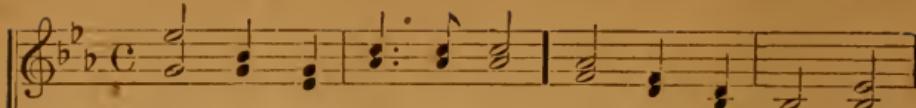
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. BONAR, D.D.

108. GOD BE THE NATION'S GUIDE.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

T. COBBEN.



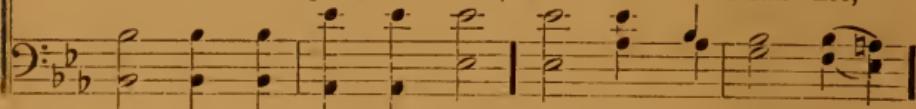
1. God be the Na-tion's Guide, Strong to de - fend her:
2. Up - lift her ban - ner fair, Proud-ly un - furl it;
3. God be the Na-tion's Guide, Down her foes smit - ing,
4. God pit - y wound-ed ones, Wound-ed and dy - ing:



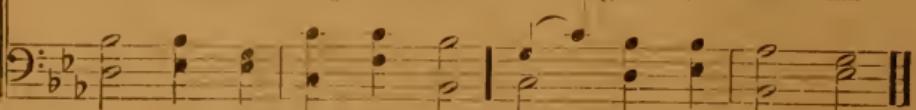
Fight ev - er on her side; Help quick-ly send her,
 Naught foes can do or dare, To earth shall hurl it:
 Walk-ing war's blood-red tide, Her bat - tles fight-ing:
 Pelt - ed by murd'rous guns, Seat - tered and fly - ing:



When foes the bat - tle set; O great Je - ho - vah,
 God the Al - might-y One, Watch-ing high o'er us,
 On war's rude thresh-ing-floor Out the chaff beat - ing,
 God hast - en quick the time, When furl'd war's ban - ner,



May she the vic - t'ry get, Thy wings her cov - er.
 All foes shall be un - done, Rout - ed be - fore us.
 Till foes shall plague no more, Pros - trate re - treat - ing.
 All earth shall sing sub-lime, One glad ho - san - na.



109. THE LORD'S WORKERS.

Rev. C. S. ROBINSON.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

mf Not too fast.

1. Heav'ly Father, grant us grace Our Master's will to know; The field is rip-en - ing'

2. Glorious greetings wait the blest, Who heed the Lord's command; The servant's share in the

now a-pace: The har - vest soon will glow; Let sunshine o-ver the fur-rows fall, With

Master's rest, And stand at His right hand. For God hath spoken it long a - go, What

plentiful showers of rain, And help us to hope for the angel's call, To gather sheaves of grain.

ev'ry true heart believes, That they, who with weeping go forth to sow Shall come again with sheaves.

CHORUS.

Christ is the Lord, His faithful word Shall golden harvest briug, And they who haye toiled here

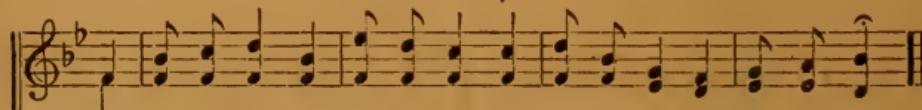
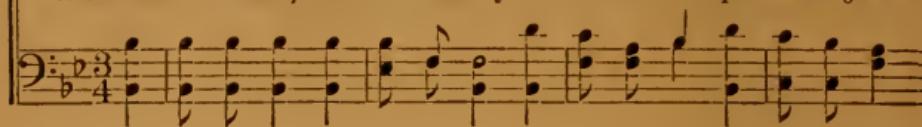
ear - ly and late, shall nev - er fail at the o-pen gate, But en - ter with their King.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

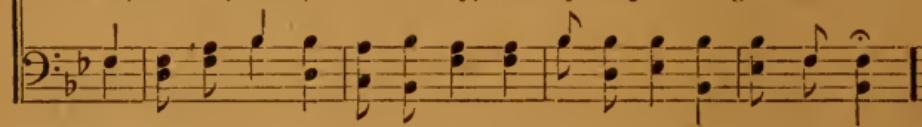
Dr. L. MASON.



1. While life prolongs its preeious light, Merey is found, and peacee is given;
2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
3. Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!



But soon, ah, soon, approaeling night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.



111.

1 Jesus, our best belovèd Friend!	3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;	May we Thy blessèd will obey,
Jesus! in lovè to us descend,	Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.	The heat and burden of the day.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,	4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place,
To fear and follow Thy commands;	In heaven, at Thy right hand prepare;
Oh! take our hearts—our hearts are And, till we sec Thee face to face,	
Thine;	Be all our conversation there.
Accept the service of our hands.	

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

112.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,	3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Purchased and saved by blood divine!	Be Thine through all eternity;
With full consent Thine I would be,	The vow is passed beyond repeal;
And own Thy sovereign right in me.	Now will I set the solemn seal.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,	4 Here at that cross where flows the
Among the children of Thy grace;	blood
A wretched sinner, lost to God,	That bought my guilty soul for God;
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.	Thee, my new Master, now I eall,
	And consecrate to Thee my all.

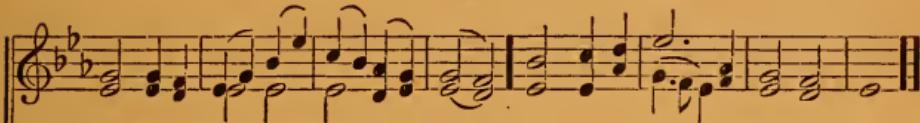
SAMUEL DAVIS.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

J. HATTON.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
2. The want of sight she well supplies, She makes the pearly gates appear;
3. Cheer-ful we tread the desert thro', While faith inspires a heavenly ray,



Till we arrive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings eter-nal glories near.
Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.



114.

115.

1 Complete in Thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine!
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

1 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Complete in Thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and
prayer

Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 Complete in Thee — each want
supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more — complete in Thee.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before Thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand—complete in Thee.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

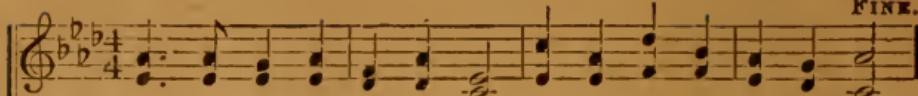
Rev. A. R. WOLFE.

Rev. JOHN KEEBLE.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

SPANISH MELODY.

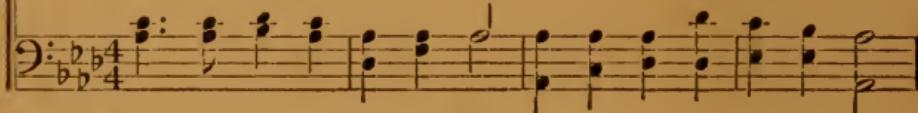
FINE.



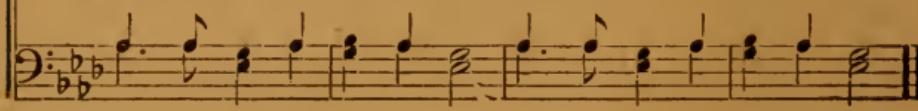
1. Bless - ed Saviour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
D.C. Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.

2. Once a - gain be-side the cross, All my gain I count but loss;
D.C. Hence,vain shadows!let me see Je - sus eru - ei - fied for me.

3. Bless - ed Sav-iour,Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;
D.C. Ev - er shall my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.



All my hopes in Thee a - bide,Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Earth-ly pleasures fade a-way, Clouds they are that hide my day:
Height,or depth,or earthly pow'r, Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:



117.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child,your Father calls,eome home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:

But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorous be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child,your Father calls,come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child,your Father calls,come home!"

REV. JOSEPH SWAIN.

N. B. In singing No. 117 to Spanish Hymn, the third and fourth lines repeat the melody of the first and second.

118. WONDROUS GRACE. (Olmutz. S. M.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

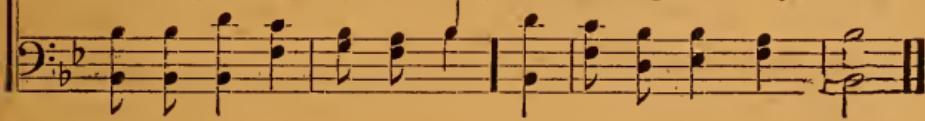
Adapted by LOWELL MASON.



1. Be-hold what wondrous grace The Fa-ther hath be-stowed On
2. Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But
3. A hope so much di-vine May tri-als well en-dure, May
4. If in my Fa-ther's love I share a fil-ial part, Send



sin-ners of a mor-tal race, To call them sons of God!
when we see our Sav-iour here, We shall be like our Head.
purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.
down Thy Spir-it, like a dove, To rest up-on my heart.



119.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest Home."

120.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong,
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God alone,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ANON.

121. KEEP ME NEAR TO THEE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

J. A. GARDNER.
Moderato. mf

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-iour, ev-er keep me near to Thee, I am

2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-iour, ev-er keep me near to Thee, I am

mf

weak and prone to wander, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me from all doubt and

Thine and Thine for - ev-er, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me un-der Thy pro-

CHORUS.

from all sin and shame; Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ev-er keep me near to
lov-ing earthly things.

Rev. W. F. ARMS.

E. L. PEASE.



1. The voice of Christ, our Sav-iour, Rings thro' the Christian world;
2. Bap-tized with heavenly wis-dom, And lips a - glow with love,
3. The prom-ise of the Mas - ter Crowns with its glor-ious light



Let gos - pel truth be spok - en, My ban - ner be un-furled
 Speak to the lost and fall - en The mes-sage from a - bove;
 Each faith-ful Christian sol - dier That strikes for God and right.



In ev - ery land and na-tion, Where'er man's foot has trod;
 Un - fold with ho - ly cour-age The grand and glo-rious truth
 Go ye, and preach the gos - pel In all its won-drous power;

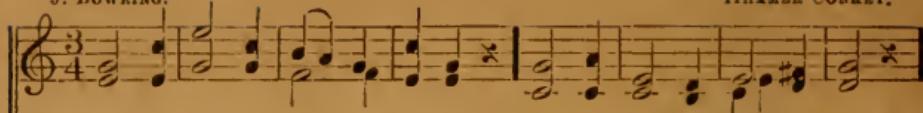


Go, pub-lish my sal - va - tion, Pro-claim the Christ of God.
 That speaks in ben - e - die - tion To ev - ery Christian youth.
 Go, the Re-deem-er's pres-en-ce Shall crown thine ev-ery hour.

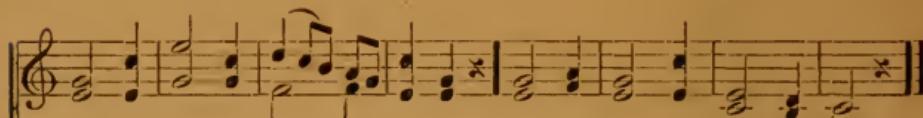


J. BOWRING.

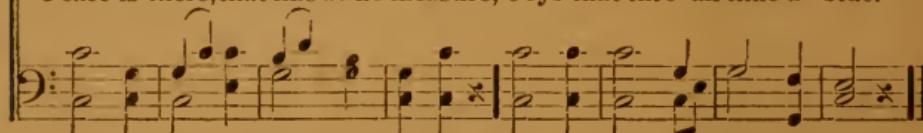
THAMER CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deeeeive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sane-ti - fied:



All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lustre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



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124.

1 Friend of sinners! Lord of glory!
 Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
 Musing o'er the wondrous story,
 Fain would I Thy praises sing.

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
 In whom power and pity blend,
 Praise we must the grace which gave us
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find!

4 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!
 From all evil set us free;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
 Be each thought conformed to Thee.

125.

1 Always with us, always with us—
 Words of cheer and words of love;
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
 From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none;
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream—
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 With salvation's radiant beam.

HARRY H. PALMER.

p Moderato.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

1. Lord, to Thee our pray'rs have risen In this precious hour;
 2. May our lives be as our pray-er, Lof - ty, true, and pure.

We have felt Thy presence near us, And Thy gra-cious power,
 Reach-ing up-ward, soar-ing high-er, Till the prize is sure,

Making Christ and heaven dear-er, Strengthening ev'ry heart;
 Ours to feel the bliss of liv - er close to Thee;

Bless us with Thy ben - e - dic-tion As we now de - part.
 Ours the gain and Thine the glo - ry, Thine the vic - to - ry.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOWER By per.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.

Daily manna still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.

Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we
 meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, till we
 meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we
 meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Rev. D. E. JONES.



1. He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
2. Soft descend the dews of heav-en, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine:
3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an-noy;
4. Lo, the scene of verdure brightening, See the ris - ing grain appear;



Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleeping, Findeth mer-cy from a - bove:
 Precious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' an influence all di - vine.
 Be the prospect ne'er so drea-ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
 Look a-gain: the fields are whitening, For the harvest time is near.



129.

1 Jesus! Master! we would follow
 In the way approved by Thee;
 Nor in earthly pleasures shallow
 Would we lose the end we see.

2 Earthly charms attract us daily
 If from Thee our thoughts remove,
 Selfish joys inviting gayly,
 Tempt us e'er from higher love.

3 But how transient is the pleasure
 For the charms of earth to live,
 When compared with heavenly
 treasure,
 Service in Thy cause can give.

4 Now from henceforth cleanse us,
 take us;
 For Thy service make us meet;
 Let Thy love each day enfold us,
 While we bow at Thy dear feet.

H. J. POOLE.

130.

1 Do the duty that lies nearest;
 Shrink not ever from its call;
 He who best would serve the Master,
 Gives to Him his life, his all.

2 He who bears for us our sorrows,
 Christ—our Life, our Guide, our Way,
 Bids us put not till to-morrow
 Good that can be done to-day.

3 God has furnished all the present
 For the good we mean to do;
 All our past is in His keeping—
 In the future prove we true.

4 Still our God says, “press thou
 onward;”
 Bear the cross and win the crown;
 Would you reach the ladder’s summit,
 Climb up bravely, look not down.

ADA M. CASWELL.

131. OUT OF ZION MAY GOD BLESS THEE.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. H. POSTIE.

1. Out of Zi - on may God bless thee! When earth's troubles sore dis-tress thee,
 2. Out of Zi - on may God bless thee! Heal the sor-rows that op - press thee,
 3. Out of Zi - on may God bless thee! All the promi-ses ad - dress thee,
 4. Out of Zi - on may God bless thee! With His own at last con - fess thee,

When earth's burdens heav - y press thee, And 'tis hard the tide to stem.
 With a Father's kiss ca - ress thee; With love's seal thy fin - ger gem.
 Grapes of Es-chol pluck and press thee; With His guards a-round thee hem.
 In white robes of glo - ry dress thee, Set thee in life's di - a - dem.

REFRAIN.

Out of Zi - on may God bless thee, Save thee
 Out of Zi - on may God bless thee, Save thee
 from Je - ru - sa - lem. Out of Zi - on may God
 ff Out of Zi - on
 ff Out of Zi - on
 bless thee, Save thee from Je - ru - sa - lem,

132. REMEMBRANCE. (Auld Lang Syne.) C.M.D.

W. MITCHELL.

SCOTTISH.



1. Je - sus, Thy love shall we for-get, And nev - er bring to mind
 2. O sweet the mem'ry of Thy grace, And sweet-er still shall grow;

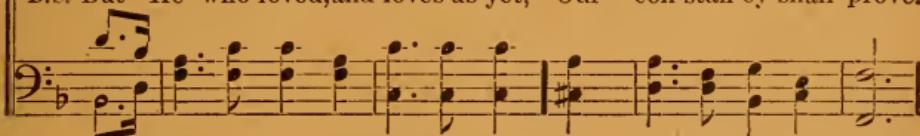


FINE.



The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us pardon find?
 D.S. Thy locks with mountain va-pors wet, To save us from de-spair?

And the fair vis-ion of Thy face Be - fore us e'er shall glow.
 D.S. But He who loved, and loves us yet, Our con-stan-cy shall prove.



Shall we Thy life of grief for-get, Thy fast-ing and Thy prayer;
 Life's brightest joys we may for-get, Our kindred cease to love;



133.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

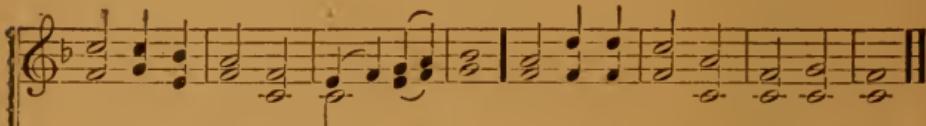
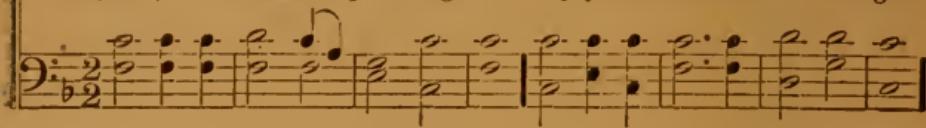
134. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Rev. H. N. KINNEY.

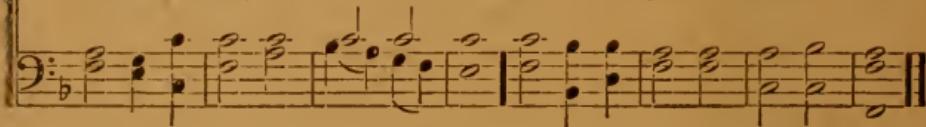
H. K. OLIVER.



1. Here are we, Lord, and who are we Thy trusted la - bor - ers to be?
2. Would that the no - ble, migh - ty, wise, Might view Thee with disciples' eyes!
3. Thine arm is strong, tho' ours be weak; Thou speakest, tho' we cannot speak;
4. Oh, God, does love accomplish aught? Does joy in service count for naught?



A fee - ble few, and this our all, To hear and answer to Thy call.
 Yet when the great Thy suit disdain, Shalt Thou, oh, Master! call in vain?
 Thy touch is peace, tho' ours be pain; We fail, Thy pur - pos - es re - main.
 If these a - avail, oh, God, then we Will dare Thy la - bor - ers to be.



135.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
 That Thou the one thing needful art;
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,
 To reconcile my soul to God;
 Needful is Thy indulgent care;
 Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
 True peace and comfort to afford;
 Needful Thy promise, to impart
 Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,
 Through all life's dark and weary way;
 Nor less in death Thou'llt needful be,
 To bring my spirit home to Thee.

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

(24)

136.

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and
 dwell,

By faith and love, in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
 strength;

Make our enlargèd souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth,
 and length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes
 know,

Be everlasting honor done
 By all the Church, through Christ
 His Son.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

137. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Key of A-flat.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee,
More love to Thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

138. THE SOUL'S OFFERING.

TUNE:—"My hope is built on nothing less." Key of G.

1 Why did the box of ointment sweet
Which Mary laid at Jesus' feet,
Unto those feet refreshment bring?
She "brake" the costly offering;
Had she but left it closed and sealed,

(Repeat.)—What way-worn feet had then been healed?

2 O ye who now to feasts repair,
Our holy feasts of praise and prayer,
To lay, with love, at Jesus' feet,
Your hearts, as Mary's ointment sweet;
Why will ye not like Mary break,
And pour them forth for His dear sake?

3 Why will ye not beside Him stand,
Or to Him kneel, with generous hand
Shedding on other guests their cheer,
And bidding us His teachings hear?
Ah! can it be a child of Heaven
Will stifle peace that Christ has given?

4 O bid the alabaster yield!
Give forth the hallowed balm concealed!
And think that heads as hearts belong
Unto our Master; voice and tongue
Are needed for His service sweet,—
Have you no lips for Jesus' feet?

EMMA R. HYDE.

139.

TUNE:—"Work for the night." Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

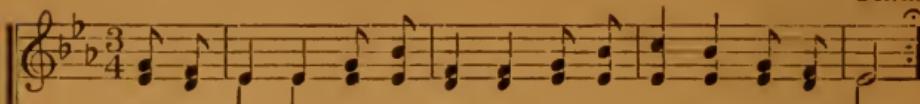
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

140. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

OLD MELODY
FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of londest praise; }
 D.C. Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 2. { Oh, to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }
 { Let Thy goodness as a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; }
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.



Teach me some me - lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—



141.

1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation!
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent:
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed Thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares,
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. J. NEWTON.

Rev. J. KEBLE.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen- tly steep,
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine—

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

143.

1 O bless the hour when evening comes
 And calls us to our place of prayer;
 With joyful heart our feet we turn
 To meet our Lord's disciples there.

2 With one accord we gather here,
 Our wants make known, our sins
 confess;

Dear Saviour, wilt Thou now appear
 And bless, as only Thou canst bless.

3 Our faith increase, our fears remove,
 Make strong the weak, the helpless
 raise,

May ev'ry heart here feel Thy love,
 And ev'ry tongue speak forth Thy
 praise.

4 No want have we Thou canst not fill,
 No need but Thou canst fully meet;
 May we obey Thy gracious will
 And find our lives in Thee complete.

144.

1 Though all unworthy of Thy care,
 We offer Thee, O Lord, our prayer!
 Keep us and guard us through this
 night,

And bring us to the morning light.

2 We could not thus approach Thee,
 Lord,

But for the promise of Thy word,
 Which bids the sinner trust in Thee;
 And, well Thou knowest, such are we.

3 We turn from earth to seek Thy face;
 Our only plea Thine own free grace;
 Our only hope the Saviour's blood,
 Which reconciles us to our God.

4 Thus, humbly, tremblingly, we pray,
 And ask Thee to accept this day;
 And may our slumbers peaceful be
 Because we are at peace with Thee.

Rev. N. J. SQUIRES.

Rev. F. E. SNOW.

145. GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH. 6s & 4s.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Rev. JAMES ALLEN.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply,
 2. While they around the throne Cheer-ful-ly join in one,
 3. Join all ye ransomed race Our Lord and God to bless—

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
 Prais-ing His name,— Ye who have felt His blood Seal-ing your
 Praise ye His name! In Him will we re - joice, And make a

sor-rows bore; Sing loud for ev - er-more, "Worthy the Lamb!"
 peace with God, Sound His dear name a-broad, "Worthy the Lamb!"
 joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"

146.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy name to sing;
 Hither the children bring,
 To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

3 Ever be Thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,
 Our Staff and Song;
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy perennial Word
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing:
 Infants, and the glad throng
 Who to Thy Church belong,
 Unite to swell the song
 To Christ our King.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! }
2. { Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceiver me—Thou art not, like them, untrue; }
3. { Man may trouble and distress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest! }



Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.



Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

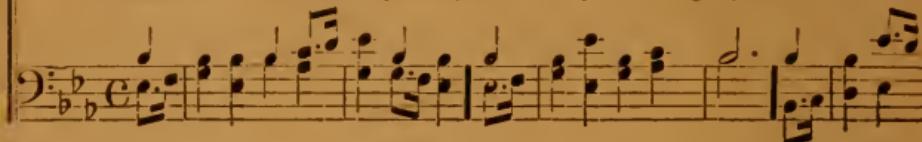
UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round, Hold thee in full sur - vey, For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - ma-ting voice, That calls thee from on high, 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And crowned with



race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown. And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-ready trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.



150.

1 Shall Jesus stand alone and plead
That all to Him may come?

And am I one with Him indeed,
While I remain so dumb?

2 What is my love to any friend
For whom I dare not speak?

Can I his righteous cause defend,
Yet leave it lone and weak?

3 In every word, as kindness done,
Should love expression find;
And thus the loved to loving one
In closer union bind.

4 O then, dear Saviour, may my love
Find words to speak for Thee;
As even now, in heaven above,
Thou dost still speak for me.

151.

1 Come, trembling sinner in whose
breast

A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear op-
pressed,

And make this last resolve:

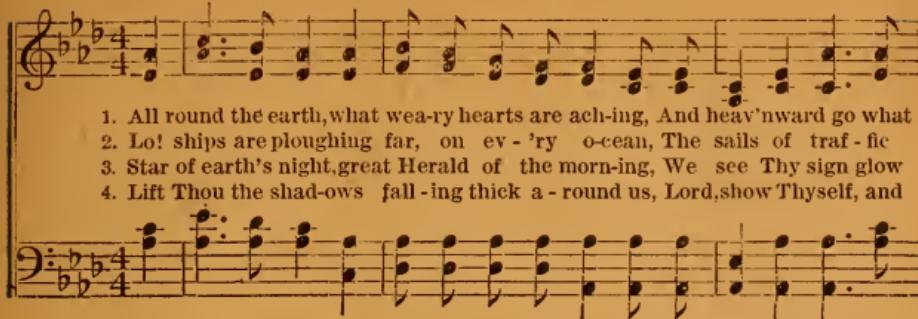
2 "I'll go to Jesus though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "He's promised to admit my plea,
To hear my humble prayer;
So shall His throne my refuge be —
I cannot perish there.

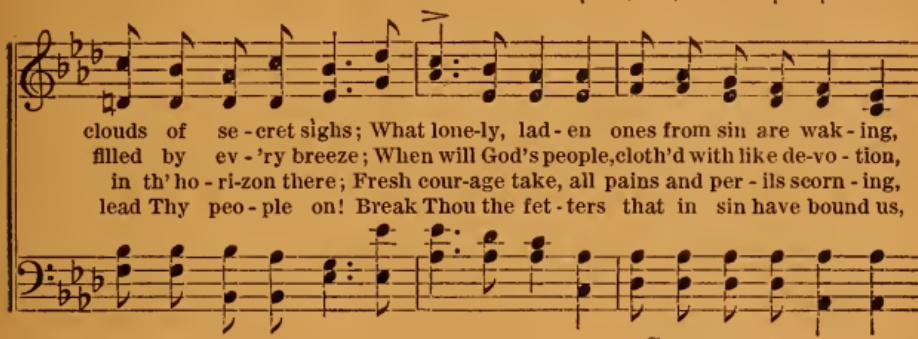
4 "He now invites — I now will go,
To Him for safety fly;
In Him is life; in Him I know
I shall not, ean not die."

152. HERALDS OF JESUS, HERALDS OF LIGHT.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. *Inscribed to Missionary friends in Foreign Lands.* W. H. PONTIUS.

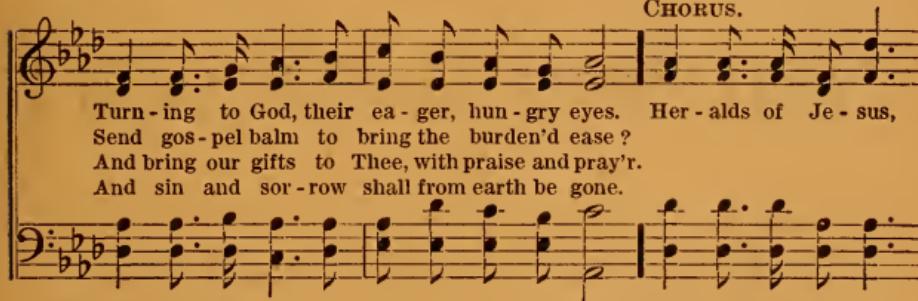


1. All round the earth, what wea-ry hearts are ach-ing, And heav'nward go what
2. Lo! ships are ploughing far, on ev-'ry o-cean, The sails of traf-fic
3. Star of earth's night, great Herald of the morn-ing, We see Thy sign glow
4. Lift Thou the shad-ows fall-ing thick a-round us, Lord, show Thyself, and

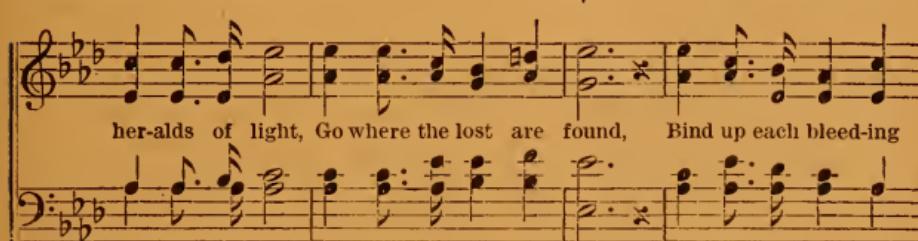


clouds of se-cret sighs; What lone-ly, lad-en ones from sin are wak-ing,
filled by ev-'ry breeze; When will God's people, cloth'd with like de-vo-tion,
in th' ho-ri-zon there; Fresh cour-age take, all pains and per-il scorn-ing,
lead Thy peo-ple on! Break Thou the fet-ters that in sin have bound us,

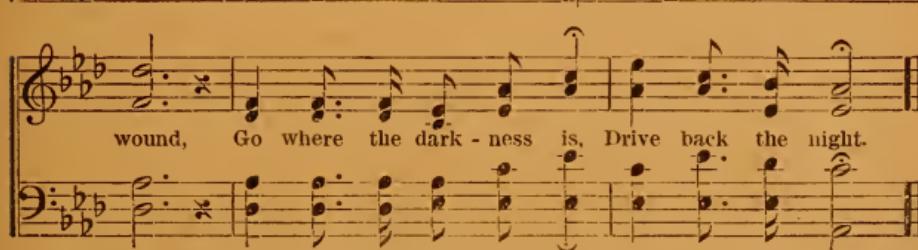
CHORUS.



Turn-ing to God, their ea-ger, hun-gry eyes. Her-alds of Je-sus,
Send gos-pel balm to bring the burden'd ease?
And bring our gifts to Thee, with praise and pray'r.
And sin and sor-row shall from earth be gone.



her-alds of light, Go where the lost are found, Bind up each bleed-ing



wound, Go where the dark-ness is, Drive back the night.

153. HO! ARMY OF ENDEAVORS.

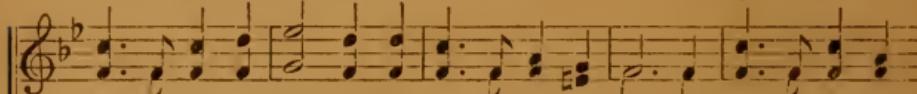
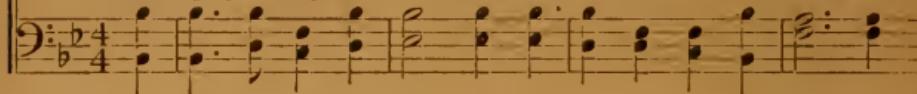
(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.)

Rev. JOEL S. IVES.

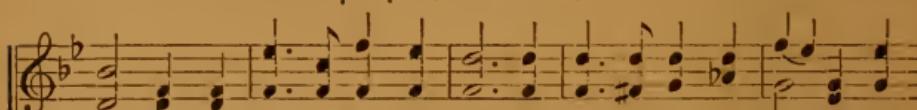
W. H. PONTIUS.



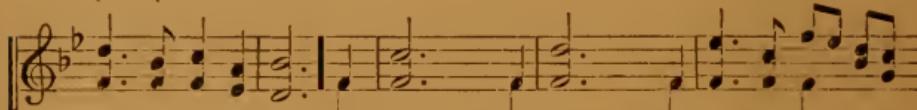
1. Ho! Arm-y of Endeavors, Your strength the times demand,
 2. Ho! Arm-y of En-deav-ors, It is your Lead-er's call. Go
 3. Lift high your roy-al ban - ner! The ban-ner of the cross, With



demption waits your conquests, Obey your Lord's command. Rejoice! for God is forth in-to the conflict, Not one of you shall fall! Keep all your colors shouts of glad ho-san-nas: It can-not suf-fer loss. O hap-py,hap-py



with you, Strike hard the hosts of sin! March forth with courage ever; For fly-ing, Make ev-'ry weapon bright, Look ev-er un - to Je-sus And sol-diers, Triumphant in your King, March on with shouts of gladness, And



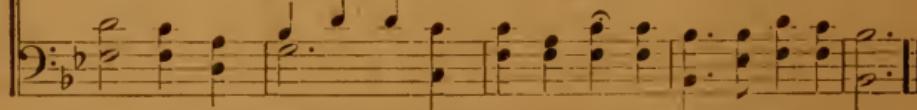
yours it is to win! March forth, March forth, March forth with courage gird you for the fight.
 songs of victory sing!



March forth,march forth,March forth,march forth,



ev - er, March forth,march forth,March forth,march forth,For yours it is to win.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - naz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

burden of my heart roll'd a-way— It was there by faith
 rolled away,

I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

155.

1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

156.

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
||:I gave, I gave my life for thee,:||
What hast thou given for me ?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
||:I left, I left it all for thee,:||
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
||:I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,:||
What hast thou borne for Me ?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
||:I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,:||
What hast thou brought to Me ?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

157.

Key A-flat.

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,

(94)

To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee. CHO.

KATE HANKEY.

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